

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

NO. 7.

NEWS-NOTES.

—Gen. Singleton has been re-nominated for congress by the democrats of the 11th Illinois district.

—O. B. Thompson has been appointed treasurer for Lawrence county vice Robt. Neil resigned.

—Emory A. Storrs, the great Chicago barrister, delivered a 10th of July oration at Cent. City, Monday.

—Mr. H. Hurlburt, formerly comptroller of the currency, was among the feet of the steamer Seawantaka.

—Three hundred men left the Yogo (M. T.) mines during the month of June, being disgusted with the outlook and finding no paying dirt.

—The San Francisco census returns show that only 10,000 of the semi-civilized Chinese are left in the city.

—The republicans of Maine have re-nominated Gov. Davis, which fully provides against any repetition of the Garfield troubles.

—Chicago returns 175,000 population and 1,000,000 of the whole district, being 100,000 more than the total up to 1870. St. Louis, at the same time, is showing a decrease of 100,000.

—The great Homestake mine at Lead City has just put its regular thirty-cent dividend, making \$100,000 paid during the past eight months, besides paying large sums for improvements and for holding property.

—Pargo had a procession the 4th of July. It was much up of the different lines of trade, and a fine band of music.

—A good news item—Burleigh county is a wheat county. Its wheat crop promises to be the largest in the state.

—Representative Acklin, who has immortalized himself as the author of more successful candidates than any member of the American congress, with his model of money in his pocket, and his ready pen, is expected to be elected to the next congress.

—The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony by Father Hennepin, who named them after his patron saint, was one of the largest and most successful in the history of the city.

—A DeLacy Ward, who planned the Minnesota Centennial Exposition last August, is now in the city for another season.

—County Treasurer Robt. Neil, Deadwood, was forced to resign under charges and is now in the city for another season.

—The new elevator built for the New York Lake and Western R. R. at Derby is the largest of its kind in the city.

—The American rifleman have won in the best contest at Deadwood, held, beating the Irish team by twelve points. The total score of the American team was 1292, of the Irish team 1280.

—Hon. John A. Kasson, one of the "old reliable" of the house of representatives, during the war was a United States minister to the Austrian court, and has been unanimously elected by the republicans for representation from the fifth Iowa district.

—Gen. Sherman's son, Thomas, and Sen. Francis Kern's son, are now in the city for another season.

—Dr. Ingerson is in hopes that Dr. Tanner will succeed in his first forty days.

—The British public is again indebted to the telegraph for important news dispatches from the seat of war in Afghanistan.

FOURTH FESTIVITIES

HOW THE DAY WAS SPENT BY JUBILANT BISMARCKERS.

Green River, Apple Creek and Standing Rock Excursions—Tight Rope Walking, Horse Racing, Etc.

THE FIRST DAY.

In this year's celebration of the Fourth of July, one thing was forcibly demonstrated, and that is, that this is an amusement loving people. There were excursions and picnics on every hand, yet the attendance at each was more than could have been expected. Saturday the city looked deserted. About two hundred from Bismarck and Mandan availed themselves of the cheap transportation and the opportunity to visit the end of the extension. This trip through a new and beautiful country has been heretofore described in the Tribune, and every person who joined in the excursion will readily testify to its charms. The party arrived at Green River about one o'clock and remained about two hours. All manner of refreshments had been provided, and a very tempting meal was provided by Mr. Quinn of Mandan. A commodious platform greeted the restless toe, and good music electrified the dramatic dancers. Supt. Taylor, Conductor Gerish and other gentlemen of the railroad men pointed out the various points of note along the line, and did all in their power to make the trip enjoyable to every one. Chas. Thompson, of Baby Mine, gave his personal attention to the comfort of others, and in that respect he was singularly successful. At Green River there was also a large crowd from the front who had come in to see friends from the east, and the day to them was indeed glorious. The excursionists returned about eight o'clock, and many of them joined in the throng to see the

CHARMING KATIE PUTNAM

for the last time in this city. In "Little Barefoot" Miss Putnam scarcely shows the advantage that she does in her other specialties. The complimentary benefit tendered on Friday night by the citizens was well attended, and was the most entertaining performance of the series.

Miss Putnam appearing at her best as "Lena, the Madcap." Saturday afternoon the troupe gave a matinee performance at Fort Lincoln to a crowded house. Immediately after Saturday evening's entertainment the company took passage on the Helena for Fort Benton, which left Sunday morning at daybreak.

THE APPLE CREEK PIC-NIC.

Probably the largest assemblage of merry picnicers ever congregated in Burleigh county visited Elm Grove last Saturday. Through the kindness of Agent Davidson special cars ran to and from the ground every few hours, and at least 400 people were on the ground at one time. Platforms for dancing, swings, lemonade stands, etc., combined to make the day one of the most joyful in the history of Bismarck. The grove is an elegant spot and should be purchased by a company of Bismarckers and still more beautified by the work of art. On the bluff south of the grove is a level plateau on which a splendid race track could be established, and fair grounds. The Bismarck band furnished the music at the picnic and the affair was all that could be asked. A resolution was passed by the meeting of which J. P. Wallace was chairman, thanking Mr. John Davidson and other North-Pacific railroad officials for the very generous manner they aided the excursion, also the Tribune and Sun for many favors.

STANDING ROCK EXCURSION.

Last Saturday afternoon Capt. D. W. Marratta, of the Coulson line, conceived the idea of a grand excursion down the river to Fort Yates. This idea was immediately crystallized by the circulation of handbills and tickets, and Sunday morning at nine o'clock the deck of the Rose Bud was black with people, and the Bismarck band, which had kindly volunteered its services, struck up "Hail Columbia," and the boat glided down stream at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Lincoln was reached in fifteen minutes and Sibley Island in less than an hour. At one o'clock the grand rush to the cat in one-on-trated facts, that dinner was ready and that everybody must have breakfasted lightly. The meals and the manner in which they were served, reflected great credit on the management and Steward Miller, and won great praise for the boat. There were about 150 people on board, and at least fifty ladies.

GRACED THE OCCASION

with their presence. The trip down was made in less than five hours, and a happier or more appreciative party never before graced the deck of a Missouri river steamboat. Not an incident transpired to mar the tranquillity of the occasion, and with the exception of a slight shower, the day was pleasant and enchanting. Capt. Joe Todd won for himself on this occasion, as indeed he has on all previous occasions, golden encomiums from his passengers for courteous treatment. The interesting scenes along the banks, which the Captain is so familiar, are always pointed out, and questions, however trivial, are always answered by Capt. Todd, who, by pleasing others is himself best pleased. Some of the excursionists, who had expected to see the

GREAT SIOUX SUN DANCE.

were somewhat disappointed, the dance having been stopped about an hour previous to the arrival of the boat. The party were excellently entertained, however, by the people of Fort Yates, and the clean and beautiful post was very inviting indeed. Fort Yates is one of the prettiest military posts on the Missouri river, and the officers take great pride in keeping it a desirable place not only for themselves but for their families and lady friends to live. To this may be attributed

the fact that there are fewer officers absent on leave from this post than any other post on the river. An opera house equal to any in the territory has just been completed, and everything about the post is cheerfully and tastefully arranged. The 17th infantry band, one of the crack bands of the country, discoursed some excellent music, and the dress parade at low sun was witnessed with a great deal of interest by the visitors. Father Stephen's Indian agency was examined by a large number and the *modus operandi* of issuing rations, annuity, etc., was fully explained by the agent. The storerooms are of brick, and the agent's residence is also pleasantly located adjoining the storerooms, overlooking the river. Fort Yates is beautifully located on a bluff, and in every other direction surrounded by a rich and level plateau.

HOMEWARD BOUND

At eight o'clock good-bye was said to the many friends of the excursionists at Fort Yates and the boat headed up stream, the band on the shore playing in response to the farewell of the band on board. The night was pleasantly spent in chatting, dancing and singing, and a few ventured to sleep, but it being whispered around that sleeping on the night of July 4th was unpatriotic, the number was indeed limited. At 2 p. m. Monday the boat arrived at the Bismarck levee. A vote of thanks and three rousing cheers were given by the excursionists to Capt. Marratta, Todd and others for their successful endeavor to make the trip enjoyable, and the party betook themselves to their various places of abode.

THE TRACK.

The third day's fate closed with three of the most exciting races that have ever been witnessed in Bismarck. The grounds about the race course were thronged by an immense crowd in every manner of conveyance and on foot, every one in the city, that possibly could, turning out to witness the close of the three days festivities. The first race was a half mile single dash between Lieut. Hare's black gelding, a beautiful animal from Fort Lincoln, and Sol. Sanderson's sorrel horse. The race was exciting from beginning to end, the sorrel horse coming in, however, by about three lengths. Lieut. Hare's horse is valued at \$800, and evidently has not had the proper training. The sorrel horse was under thorough control, making the heat in fine style. About \$1,000 changed hands on this race. Next in order was an exciting spurt of a quarter of a mile between two sires owned by Alex. McKenzie and Don Stevenson for a purse of \$50 which was won by Stevenson's black pony. The black pony was put on for the second time against M. Epinger's pony for a purse of \$100 and was again winner by long odds. The rider of the little black thoroughly understands his business. Mr. Stevenson will back his pony against any in the Missouri valley for a 500 yard dash. The sport closed with a race of one-half mile for \$50 between John Stoyell's sorrel team and H. M. Mixer's team, best two in three, the former getting away with the cake in fine style.

THE ROPE WALKING

Monday night Mlle. Ida Vincent, now playing an engagement in this city, performed her marvellous tight-rope walking feat, a rope having been stretched across Main street from the roof of the Opera House for that purpose. The lady's appearance at the place of great applause, but her performance was not without its share of mishap. A mother-in-law, who was in the audience, fell from the balcony, and in every direction, and the large number of ladies both on the street and in all the windows, being the performance. Believing this to be the last of the season of people ever congregated in the streets of Bismarck, a Tribune reporter, from an elevated stand, counted the upturned faces. There were in all 1,443 of which 218 were ladies. The crowd remained so quiet during the performance that it was no trouble whatever to enumerate it, and the above figures cannot possibly vary twenty-five from the actual number.

FORT YATES CELEBRATED.

Fort Yates celebrated on Saturday, July 3d, and a pleasant time was never had at that beautiful post. There were horse races, foot races, wheelbarrow races, pony races, slow mule races, base ball contest, attempts at climbing a greased pole, etc. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, under the supervision of Lieut. Burns, and altogether the day was one long to be remembered. In the rifle match some very accurate skill was displayed. The captains were Capt. O'Brien and Dr. Maus, with five men each. An average of seventy-five per cent at ranges two and five hundred yards was the result. The committee of arrangements were Capt. O'Brien, Dr. Maus, and Lieut. Edgerly and Howe.

Work of the Presbyterian Church.

Some notes presented by the pastor last Sunday, in a report of the work of the year just completed may be of interest to the community. The average attendance at Sunday services has steadily increased from fifty-two the first quarter to sixty the last quarter, an increase of fifteen. The average for the year has been fifty-five. The increase has been in favor of the morning, i. e. the permanent congregation. The morning congregation has averaged from three to four greater than the evening congregation throughout the year. So few persons attend both services, that about 100 persons may fairly be said to have attended per Sabbath. The membership a year ago was twenty-six. Three of these have been dismissed by letter. Additions by letter have been sixteen, on profession three, in all nineteen, leaving membership forty-two. Nearly \$1,000 has been expended for church expenses, improvements and benevolent causes. The pastor has solemnized six marriages, conducted three funeral services, baptized fourteen children and made no less than 500 visits, probably many more. The Sunday school has increased from an average attendance of fifty-one the first quarter to over fifty-nine the last, an increase of over sixteen per cent, averaging for the year fifty-six. Collections have

averaged ninety-six cents per Sunday or nearly two cents per capita.

BAD LAND BOULDERS.

Received too Late for Last Week's Paper.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.) Mr. R. A. Bruns, of Moorhead, Minn., paid us a visit last week.

Paymaster Bellows came over the line on Saturday and left a little change with the boys.

Father Chrysostom and Rev. J. M. Bull, each preached to good audiences here on Sunday last. Father Chrysostom has the honor of having held the first religious services in the Bad Lands.

Mr. S. C. Walker starts this (Tuesday) morning for the Yellowstone to look over the line.

The Glendive route has been adopted by the railroad company and the work all let to the Yellowstone. The engineers have been ordered in from the Cedar creek route and will be stationed along the line on construction. Several sub-contractors will go over the Little Missouri this week.

Mr. Kennard, tie and pile contractor, started a "run" of timber down the river during the late rise, but has not put in an appearance yet. The river has fallen to two feet in the channel which will make it very hard driving. He has about 3,000 piles, and 3,000 ties in the river, and as he has about 500 miles to drive it will be some time before he reaches the railroad.

Since Maj. Merrill left here the whiskey sellers have become very bold, and are defying both their poison open and above board. He ordered them to leave the reservation inside of forty-eight hours; only one of them obeyed the order. As soon as the major's back was turned they continued selling, thereby encouraging others to come in and do likewise, so that now there are no less than a dozen whiskey key shops in the Bad Lands.

The United States marshal doesn't take them in hand, or Maj. Merrill carry out his order. I don't know what is to become of us, unless we take the law in our own hands. There are several barrels of whiskey secreted in the Bad Lands and Indians camped only a few miles north of us. To be sure they are Rees, but Rees are hostile when they get bad whiskey in them. SCOTIA.

RIVER RIFLES.

The Battle left Sioux City on the 8th, and leaves here on the 13th for Benton.

The Penitentiary left Sioux City on the 5th and leaves here on the 13th for Keogh.

The Denton, Benton line, is due from above. She will leave for Benton Tuesday evening.

The Gen. Terry, contract line, passed Benton this morning. She will load and leave here again for Fort Keogh Tuesday evening.

Will Perkins, clerk on the Rose Bud, having moved him off on the Standing Rock trip by his gratuity to the ladies on board.

The Josephine left Yankton on the 3d for Fort Benton. She will arrive here on the 13th and leave on the 13th for Fort Keogh.

The contract line have purchased the steamer Fort West. She is now loading at Yankton for Fort Benton. The Fort West is a fine boat.

The steamer C. K. Peck arrived at Yankton on the 21st, having 10,000 barrels of robes from the Yellowstone, brought down to Benton by the Terry.

The Western arrived at Fort Keogh yesterday. She will arrive here Sunday, the 11th, and will leave the same day for Fort Pierre and Yankton.

Large quantities of freight arrive by each train from the east, and the landing presents a large mass of assorted merchandise waiting transportation to Montana.

The Batchelor arrived from Custer yesterday. She will leave again for Terry's Landing tomorrow evening. Grant Marsh loaded and unloaded the Custer monuments without any trouble.

Building material for the Assiniboine docks is being pushed forward by the Northern Pacific R. R. and the docks already present the appearance of the memorable days of 1876.

One great feature of the river this year is the excellent accommodations made by all the boats for passengers. There has been a time as much passenger traffic this as in any previous year.

The Red Cloud will arrive from Benton Saturday, and will leave on Sunday next for Fort Benton. The Red Cloud has fine passenger accommodations, and her officers are first-class.

The Rose Bud departed for Fort Benton yesterday morning, loaded to the guards with private freight for Montana merchants. One item of her cargo was 4,000 sacks of Dakota flour.

The Key West arrived at Fort Benton yesterday. She will leave Benton today with 100 head of cattle for this market. The Key West will return from this place to Fort Benton, and will leave on her 5th trip July 17th.

The contract line steamers Far West and C. K. Peck left Sioux City on the 1st. Both leave here about the 20th for Fort Benton. These boats have cleaned up all the government and private freight from Yankton and Sioux City.

The Coulson line steamer Big Horn, Capt. John Todd, departed for the Yellowstone on Tuesday evening with a full freight list and all the passengers she could accommodate. This is the Big Horn's third trip to the Yellowstone. She is a favorite among passengers and shippers.

Wants to Know Why.

Ed. Tribune: Will Mr. County Treasurer please inform the public why he don't collect the delinquent personal property tax for the years 1877, 1878 and 1879? TAXPAYER.

ELECTRICAL SPARKS

NEWS GATHERED FROM EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE.

Eleventh Day of Dr. Tanner's Fast—Death of Tilden's Nephew W. F. Pelton—Discouraged Minnesotan Farmers.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

CRIMINALLY CARELESS

MINNEAPOLIS, July 9.—The coroner's jury at the inquest held upon the bodies of those killed by the explosion on Lake Minnetonka, returned a verdict that the boiler was unsafe and unfit in design and material, and that Maj. Hallsted was criminally negligent in not having the boiler carefully inspected. They call the attention of the legislature to the necessity for inspection on inland lakes and rivers.

SUDDEN DEMISE.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Col. W. F. Pelton, famous as the nephew of Mr. Tilden and for his prominent connection with the campaign of '76, died yesterday at the Everett House of embolism of the heart. His remains were removed to Mr. Tilden's house, although since the discovery of the famous cypher dispatches all of Mr. Pelton's efforts to communicate with or see Mr. Tilden have been in vain.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

NEW YORK, July 9.—His eminence, Cardinal McClosky, denies having sent a congratulatory telegram to Gen. Hancock upon hearing of his nomination.

STAMPS.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Official postal statistics for the fiscal year just closed shows the receipts for stamps, stamped envelopes, cards, etc., to have been \$31,932,519, an increase of nearly \$350,000 over last year.

AMERICA AHEAD.

LONDON, July 8.—At the Newmarket races to-day the famous Chesterfield stakes were won by Mr. Lorrillard's horse, Irigou.

IRON WILL.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Dr. Tanner is exciting the wonder of medical men by his experiment of fasting for forty days. He is now on his eleventh day and apparently suffering little. His pulse beats at 80, temperature 98.4 and respiration 14. Considerable excitement was caused by a physician on watch declaring he had found a sponge saturated with nutritious liquor.

SAD TIDINGS.

ST. PAUL, July 9.—Crop reports from different parts of the state show that rust and the chinch bug are doing considerable damage to the grain. Prominent grain men say that this season's crop will not be more than two-thirds of the average and of inferior grades.

NOMINATION.

ST. PAUL, July 9.—A. B. Strait was nominated for congress in the second district.

CROOKED BROKERS.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Lawrence R. Jerome, Jr., and Edward M. Patchell, charged with having in their possession \$75,000 in bonds belonging to Brayton, Ives & Co., were to-day arraigned before Judge Duffy at the Tombs police court, and by him committed for trial.

SUFFERING ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 8.—Lord Lansdowne, one of the members of the cabinet, has resigned, because he cannot support the "compensation for disturbance" bill. Tory organs prophesy a dissolution of the present ministry.

Mercurial Accident.

About half-past nine this morning Mr. Frank Donnelly, one of the county commissioners, met with a serious accident, resulting in the breaking of his left arm at the wrist. He was on a mule at the time and trying to catch other mules. The mule he rode slipped into the fence, Mr. Donnelly's leg coming in contact with a fence post, forcing him, his arm stilling the post with great force, breaking it at the wrist. A neighbor fortunately passing at the time brought the sufferer in town, where his wound was dressed by Dr. Porter. The accident could not have happened at a more inopportune season, as Mr. Donnelly's time and labor is required in the management of his large farm.

"Bad Lands."

I have recently returned from a tour through the "Bad Lands" to the Little Missouri. This region is badly named, giving one a bad impression of it. It is the wader land, picturesque and romantic beyond description. At each town some new vista of beauty delights the soul of the traveler, and he knows not which scene to admire most. It abounds in petrification and fossils which make it a rich field for the amateur geologist, student of natural history and cabinet collector. There are a dozen stereoscopic views of this region by W. R. Cross, the well known photographer of the north-west, on exhibition at Dr. John P. Dunn's drug store. Call and see them.

Base-Ball.

A game of base ball was played at Fort Lincoln, yesterday, between the Fort Lincoln club and the Fort Yates nine, resulting in a victory for the former by a score of 34 to 16.

PIRELY PERSONAL.

Ben Ash is in Yankton and will locate at Pierre.

Mr. W. S. Fanshawe, post-trader at Ft. Meade, came over Tuesday.

Traveling agent Bohan, of the Pioneer Press, was in the city this week.

John A. Rea, the new land office register, took charge of his office Tuesday.

Mrs. C. W. Savage and son, and Mr. A. R. Nislinger, of Miles Court, are at the Sheridan.

Tom Kurtz and W. C. Winston came down from Green River Wednesday to see the elephant.

Nettie Moody, the Judge's only daughter, was married in Deadwood, last week, to D. K. Dickinson.

W. H. Day and B. F. Mackell, Jr., of Moorhead, looked over the Queen City of the northwest this week.

The Misses Kurtz, of Minneapolis, accompanied by the Misses Richardson, of Moorhead, have been visiting in the city.

Mr. Patrick Smith, of this city, will leave for Europe next week to be absent about three months, visiting relatives living abroad.

Mr. E. G. Bennett, of the Bismarck mills, left Tuesday for his extensive farm at Rochester, Minn., to remain until after harvest time.

Judge Comstock and son, of Utica, N. Y., was in town last Friday. The Judge was a delegate to Cincinnati and seeks some business lands in Dakota.

D. A. Holbrook, traveling agent for the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, billed the city this week. He is certain of his Hastings branch coming to Bismarck next year.

Dr. Allen, of Canada, accompanied by his son, Mr. Edwin Allen and wife, post trader at Fort Walsh, N. W. T., came down Monday en route for their home in Canada.

Mr. L. Bonner and H. S. Budd, of the U. S. entomological commission, are doing the part of the county in the interest of science and under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. J. Wilson, a wealthy English landholder, has been paying Bismarck a visit. His trip to this country is ostensibly to learn how the Dakota is making such fast ground on English agriculture.

Photographer Haynes returned this morning from Penned Park, where he has been for the past week making views. He has a collection of one hundred, and says they are the finest of natural scenery ever taken.

Stellie and the Pullwhacker. [Deadwood Times]

The Bismarck stage company have taken a contract to supply all of the Homestake company's bulls at Lead City with wool for a year, and have made Pennington their headquarters for that purpose. They have built comfortable cages for their male wakers, some twenty-five in number, as also stables for the animals. A good cook has been procured, and it is proposed by Stellie to see what effect kind and Christian influence will have upon them. To some it would seem a pity to permit, but with Stellie it is a positive fact, he knows what he is about. I will prove to the world the truth of his story. Yesterday he sent up to them an ice cream freezer and proposes to give them that luxury every meal in the day. No content with supplying the inner man with all the delicacies of the season, he has made arrangements to start a Sabbath school, the superintendency of which he will attend in person. Gene Decker has consented to assist Mr. Stellie in this missionary enterprise, and will be a teacher of one of the bible classes. Upon this small beginning we expect great results.

New Policy.

The repeated stories of deck hands on the upper Missouri and Yellowstone steamboats have caused the owners to make a new departure in the hiring of hands. They will hereafter be obliged to sign a contract, and if they fail to fill all their requirements they will come out losers. Two hundred men are now being employed in St. Paul for the balance of the season at \$5 per month. They are to be employed for the balance of the season, and will be paid for 500 hours of service. The old hands had been paid for 500 hours of service, and the new hands will be paid for 500 hours of service. The new hands will be paid for 500 hours of service, and the old hands will be paid for 500 hours of service.

One More Unfortunate.

A man by the name of John Foley, supposed to be a laborer on the extension, was run over and killed by the cars of the west side of the river Monday night. From appearances it would seem the man was lying on the track at the time. Whether drunk, or having been put out of the way by other parties, and placed there, with probably never be known, this body was literally cut to pieces, the head being severed from the body and some distance from it. An inquest being held at daybreak, the remains were buried at daylight.

"The Minute Man."

Capt. E. H. Bowman's boat, the Minute Man, arrived from Benton Monday morning, having made the trip down in 10 days and seven hours, with a full load of assorted freight and thirty-five passengers. The captain is convinced that his boat, which is the smallest one plying on the northern Missouri, is completely adapted for low water, and especially for the carrying trade from Cow Island up at seasons of the year when the larger boats can only reach that point. The captain will load and return to Benton this week.

"DOGWOOD BITTERS."

One day, about two years after "the surrender," there stood on the sidewalk of a large town in Virginia a negro school-girl, swinging her satchel, twirling on her heel and tossing her head, coquetting airily with a mulatto boy about her own age.

Presently there came walking feebly and slowly down the street an old lady whose countenance bore the traces of sorrow as well as of years. The hair was parted on the forehead and the pale face was framed in creases.

As Mrs. Darring approached the rest of our dramatist personae, the girl with a loud laugh and an elaborate air of not seeing her, swung her satchel round and struck the old lady a sharp blow on the breast.

The dead hands of her boys must have been lifted in the grave at this affront to their mother; but they were powerless, and she powerless as they.

"Didn't go to h't' you?" said the girl carelessly to Mrs. Darring—"An' so Mr. Simpkins, you excuse me of being a wuss flirt an' you is."

The boy was embarrassed and made no response.

Mrs. Darring had stopped, and a deep flush was on her cheek, but she only asked, gravely and quietly, "Isn't this Adam Darring's daughter?"

"We scos' to be Dar'ins. Mr. Adam Leffridge is my pa, if dat's what you mean," replied the girl saucily.

"Caroline, I—"

"My name's Carrie."

"I do not think your father," continued Mrs. Darring, ignoring the interruption—"Whether he calls himself Leftwich or Darring—would allow one of his children to insult his old mistress. I am sorry—yes, for his sake as well as for my own."

Mrs. Darring passed on, and the girl, with a toss of her head, said to her companion, "She don't 'peer to ha' had a good meal o' vittles sence pa stopped a-wu'kin' fer her. Friday's my birthday; I think I'll ax her up to dinner."

They walked off together.

Old Adam had ceased to dig and was glaring after them in a quiver of rage. The son had ceased to laugh, and stood in dismay looking at his father. Suddenly the old man grasped his spade in both hands and shook it in the face of the boy.

"Did you hear dat nigger?"

Dave retreated without attempt at valor.

"Lemme lone, daddy; I ain't toch ole mis'."

Again advancing on him spade in hand, the old man reiterated, "I ax'd you if you heard dat nigger."

"Course I heard her; I ain't deaf, is I?"

Dave concluded to let his father and the air have it out together; so, emulating the Arab, he "silently stole away," without even waiting to "fold his tent," i. e. to put on his coat. In other words, he embraced the first opportunity to go home to dinner, without soliciting the pleasure of his father's society.

He found "Carrie" already there.

As soon as he saw her he exclaimed, with a wriggle and grimace:

"Oh, my po' back!"

"What matter wid yo' back?" asked his mother.

"Oh, my poor back!" he repeated with a second wriggle, which almost upset the plate on his knee, and shaking his head solemnly, he fixed his eyes on his sister.

"Carline," said his mother easily, "what dat fool nigger talkin' 'bout?"

"Her name ain't Carline," said Dave: "it's Carrie (oh, my po' back!), an' Mr. Adam Leffridge is her pa."

The girl gave a startled glance, but he fixed his eye on his plate, and, wagging his head from side to side, continued like one in a reverie: "I nudder would ha' agreed to bein' a gal o' no kin, under no suckumstances, white nor black; but de way I wouldn't, 'gree to bein' a cert'n black gal to-day ain't nothin' to nobody but me an' Mr. Adam Leffridge."

"What you talkin' 'bout, Dave?" asked his mother, planting herself before him with her knuckles on her hips.

Dar come dadday now. Tell him I gwine back to Mr. Pollard's, whar we was at wuk dis mornin'—me an' Mr. Adam Leffridge, Carrie's pa. Oh, my po' back!" And, with the Parthian arrow of a grimace at his sister, Dave disappeared over the back fence.

"Gret Jimminy, Carline! Sho'ly you ain't been fool 'nuf to a-toch Mis' Dar'rin', so yo' pa could find it out?" said her mother in a hurried undertone as she saw the old man coming down street with an armful of Osage orange switches.

"I ain't toch her to h't' her," said the girl, solemnly. "My Lor! Don't you know yo' pa better'n dat? It's time you wuz a-knowin' him. You jes' git him on one o' his rampages, an' you won't want to know him no better."

Apparently indifferent to the cultivation of her father's acquaintance, Caroline caught up her hat, and was about vanishing through the front door when the old man entered: "Stop dar! Whar you gwine?"

"I'm goin' back to school, pa," endeavoring to pass him.

He caught her by the shoulder, and spun her like a teetotum halfway across the room:

"Shet up now 'bout pa! Don't try to come yo' joggery and rifumtik over me? I'll par de skin off you from yo' head to yo' heels."

"Lor, Addum!" remonstrated his wife, "what makes you ac' so to'ds de chile?"

"Marriar," said he—"Marriar, not a hour ago I seed dat imp o' Satan hit we all's ole mis' on de bres' wid her dog-gone—"

"I was jes' swingin' my satchel, an' she walked up 'g'inst it herself, pa."

Old Adam caught and shook her violently.

"I clar 'fo' Gord, ef you says 'pa' to me ag'in, I'll maul de brains clean outen you!"

"I know she hain't meant no harm by what she done," said his wife.

"She hit de ole misiss on de bres' I tote you!—A ole lady which, ef she war not my ole mis' is, still a ole lady knee deep in de grave, an' nobuddy to look arter her or keer wheder she is in de grave or outen it. I can't tergite—an' I ain't gwine to try 'peer to forgit—how dat ole lady took keer o' me an' mine fer forty years. We warn't nuver cole an' we warn't nuver hungry, an' we warn't

nuver waitin' fer a kine word. I knows it an' you knows it. Some niggers may ha' been 'bused yond what they zerved, but t'warn't you nor t'warn't me an' it war not none o' we's chil'lins; an' when I 'peered like I was dead, an' dey was jest bout to shroud me fer de coolin' bo'd, ole mis' she cried like one o' de chil'lins, an' you know't."

"Cos you was goods an' chatter," said the wife.

"Dat's so," said Carrie, briskly.

"Don't you dar say dat ag'in! Ole mis' could ha' lost twenty niggers like me an' nuver missed 'em. Don't you dar say dat ag'in, you her?"

"Carline ain't nothin' but a chile, Addum, she don't know no better."

Adam looked fixedly at her a moment or two, or, as it appeared to her, for the next half hour.

"Gimme my dinner," he said.

This was an unlooked for development of humor, and she hastened to gratify it.

"Carline, said she presently, "you better go on to school, honey."

"Ef Kyarlne know what's good for her she better set whar she is."

Caroline appeared to know what was good for her.

With great deliberation and no further notice to Caroline, he proceeded to dispatch the pork and beans set before him, then turned to his wife.

"Marriar, is you gwine to uphol' dat gal in 'havior sech as dis?"

"I said she war't nothin' but a chile, an' warn't no use to nobody, when ole mis' had her to take keer on; but she ain't no chile now."

"She didn't mean no harm; she didn't know no better."

"Hukkum you ain't larnt her any better?"

"Why ain't you done it yo'self?" retorted his wife.

Adam's smile was grim, and no suggestion of the tuition to be expected of him that his wife hastened to say:

"I don't see any harm in what de chile done; she didn't go to hit Miss Dar'rin'."

"She done it a pu'pose," said he doggedly. "I seed it myse'f."

"An' t'warn't no harm sayin' her name was Leffridge. It jes' shows de ambitions dat in her to take annudder name. Dat what make her de gal she is."

"Is dat correct?"

He turned and looked curiously at his daughter, decomposing her greatly.

"I nudder knew befo' how she come to be de gal she wuz. Ise wonderd mitey how a gal o' mine should come to be dat kine o' gal so it's de ambitions? Dat's a fac'. What would a nigger be ef t'warn't fur ambitions? He wouldn't nuver git above himself, he wouldn't nuver be no better'n de white folks—which de sword is done leveled 'em down to him—ef it warn't fur ambitions?"

"Marriar," said he, "de ole man is mitey sot in his ways, an' it's mitey hard git 'em outen 'em, but he ain't 'bu' tryin'."

He nudder knowed befo' what t'was dat made his chile, his onliest gal-chile, de gal she wuz. De ole man called it to hisself sassiness an' impudence; he didn't know 'twas ambitions. Dar comes in de ole man's ignunze; he ain't been to school yoh know. An' he didn't know you had de ambitions too, Marriar. Ef he had he'd aced diffunt, 'cos de ole man scert'ing do wants to do right, Jarze he knows how."

"Yes," responded his wife, briskly; "which I orlize said you'd cum rou'n' some day, an' snow dem white folks dey ain't no better'n we is."

"So you wants to hev a little 'b'fday, my dar?" asked he of Caroline.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with unaccustomed diffidence.

"An' you would like to ask yo' little nig—yo' kully-headed barber—wouldn't you?" he further inquired, executing here a trot of such vigor that it was necessarily and provisionally brief.

"An' my dear, you is no doubt correct 'bout dat ole white lady; I don't 'xpect she's had a good meal of vittles for two year. She's done fell off to skin an' bone, and she don't look like she's got de strenk to walk a squar. I makes no manner o' doubt you could git her to you b'fday dinner. Peers to me de ambitions of a young cullud lady would like dat mitey; so ef you would keer 'bout doin' of it I lingages to git her."

"An' my darter, don't git up no po' white dinner. I feels de ambitions crawling all 'bout me. Ef you wants enny-thing, jes come and ax pa."

The day came; the table was spread. Dinner was to be at two; at one Adam and Dave came home.

"Now," said the old man to his wife—"now, you git off dem cloze an' git in dat bed in de yudder room. An', Dave you go up to my ole mis' and tell her the cramp is takin' de excedence wid Marriar, an' ef she'll come down here and see if she ken help de nigger, ole Addum will be eberlassin' thankful."

Dave thrust his tongue in his cheek, and with a wink at his sister disappeared.

Git in dat bed and draw up wid de cramp till I signifies to you to draw out ag'in."

"Lor, Addum! I ain't gwine—"

But for some reason she immediately changed her mind, and when David returned was in bed, looking so very foolish and uncomfortable that that youth could not restrain his mirth, and felt constrained to retreat to the pig-sty in the back-yard.

As soon as her slender stock of strength would allow, Mrs. Darring came: "How do you do, Adam?"

"Po' and piert, Mis' Lizar—po' an' piert, marm, like a shad in shaller water."

"What seems to be the matter with Marria?" asked his old mistress as she went in.

"Marriar 'peers to be mo' easier jes' now, thanky, Mis' Lizar; but seems to me some good strong mustard wouldn't do her no harm; she's sho' to draw up ag'in pres'n'y."

"We will make the plaster, then," said Mrs. Darring, kindly, "but perhaps she will not need it. I hope not, for I think it a very severe remedy."

"Marriar do cert'n'y need severe o' some kin, Mis' Lizar," said he: "it's mos' time to draw up now. Git de mustard, Kyarlne, to make dat plaster, which she is made a one befo' fer me an' Marriar too when she was sick."

Obedying the instinct of self preservation, Caroline produced the mustard with an alacrity secretly resented by her mother, and Mrs. Darring spread the plaster; but Marria, evincing no intention to "draw up," old Adam placed his hand beneath the patchwork quilt with the

tender inquiry, "Is yo' feets col' Marriar?"

"Oh, Lordy! oh Lordy!" yelled his wife.

"You see it's takin' her ag'in, Mis' Lizar," said he. His hand was still beneath the patchwork quilt, and his face was full of benevolent anxiety: "Mis' Lizar, it do 'peer to me, marm, dat de plaster better go on."

Mrs. Darring assented, for Marria was writhing with pain, the "first law of Nature" still asserting itself with Caroline's unqualified approbation the plaster was placed in position.

At this moment Dave's head appeared in the doorway: "Mr. Simpkins an' a variety of friends has arrive," said he sotto voce to his sister. Comp'ny come," he translated to his father.

"Marriar better be quiet now, Mis' Lizar, which I'm sho' we dunno how to thank you for comin' marm. Keep on dat ar plaster, Marriar, till I sez take it off," added the old man as Mrs. Darring prepared to leave.

"She need not keep it on long, Adam; it will blister her. I think you were unnecessarily alarmed this time; you see she is in no pain now."

"No marm," said he with an air which needed no translation for Marria, "but she will be ef she take dat plaster often ber till I sez so."

On the way out they passed through the "dining-room," where several of Caroline's friends were assembled, prominent among them Mr. Simpkins.

"Dis is we all's ole mis'," said Adam, with a wave of the hand not to be misunderstood. "Mis' Lizar," he continued, "ef you ain't too proud to eat a mouful in yo' ole sarvent's house, me an' Kyarlne would be mighty proud to stan' 'in' yo' cheer an' sarve yo' ez we used to."

Unwilling to mortify the old man, and too long accustomed to having negroes around her table to attach a thought to it now, she sat down and took a cup of coffee, eulogizing the appearance of the table as she did so.

Caroline, with the inspiration of one who does not desire again to be detected in the indulgence of untimely slumber (in other words, caught napping), took up a waiter and obediently planted herself behind the old lady's chair.

Whether this graceful acquiescence at all softened her father's heart must remain an open question. If it had this effect that sensitive organ was immediately reoffended when he detected her in the act of amusing her guests by making a contemptuous grimace over the head of his old mistress's head.

Without apparent notice of this by-play, he escorted Mrs. Darring to the street, and returned to the dining-room.

"Ladies an' gemmen," said he, "de 'cassion uv dis festus dinner will hev to be off to night. Skusin' sickness in de fam'ly, I spec'fully axes you all to git rou'n' ag'in 'bout eight o'clock dis ebenin'—which is a mo' fessler time any-how—an' we hopes to hab de contribution of fudder cum'ny."

Having promised to return and spend the evening, the guests departed, and the old man took his daughter into the next room.

"Addum," cried his wife, "I most done bunt up. Ken I take it off?"

"Pends upon wheder de ambitions is burnt outen you. Does you still want de white lady, my ole mis', to set down and eat with a parcel of niggers? And does you still want Kyarlne to be de gal she is—sassin' ole mis' and knocking her about?"

Evidently amenable to instruction, Marria responded comprehensively, "I don't want nothin' I ortenter."

"Take off de plaster," said Addum solemnly. "Ef for you," turning to his daughter, "I was hoping dat de lesson uv making you stan' 'in' ole mis' cheer and wait on her wid your waiter in your hand, 'to de rest uv de niggers, would have took de ambitions out uv you, too; but—with great deliberation he selected an Osage-orange branch and thoughtfully drew it between his stiff old fingers—"but dar ain't nuffin so instructive to a nigger ez a good larrupping. A nigger, 'specially a young nigger, will take larrupping on his back dat you nuver could have got in his head. De back way is de nachul way for niggers, sure."

With a laugh at his own witicism which seemed simply demoniac to his audience, he proceeded deliberately to select another switch, which he laid beside his first choice.

"Fact is," pursued this moral philosopher—"fact is, dar ain't nuffin dat agrees wid a nigger, 'specially a young nigger, like a dogwood bitters. Dey orter hev a doss uv it for be'f'us, fust thing, ebery mornin'. When de Lord said, let der be light and let der be dark, I makes no doubt He said, let der be dogwood; and dat showed He knowed what He was about becaus He foreseen dat niggers was gwine to multiply upon de yuth, 'specially young niggers."

With these introductory remarks, and after much skirmishing around the room which did not amount to anything, succeeded by a very pronounced "scuffle" resulting in Caroline's defeat, the old man grasped the skirt of her dress, and gathered it above her head, held it together with one hand, enclosing her in a bag from which there was no escape. Now the yellow cotton garment thus brought to view being conspicuously crossed in latitude and longitude, disclosed two very knobby knees, and each time those Osage-orange branches came whizzing through the air those knobby knees bent like the clasp of a jack-knife, the girl's heels saluted the small of her back, there issued from the bag every variation of sound from the shriek of a locomotive to the groan of an ox cart.

"What's yo' name?"

"Kyarlne."

"Who's a c'rec' in you?"

"Daddy."

"Who's yo' pa?"

"Ain't got none."

"What white lady was dot you hit on de bres' of purpose?"

"Ole mis'."

"What white possum does you want to de b'fday?"

"Don't want none."

"What dat little napp-headed fool's name?"

"Jim Simpkins."

Having graduated, she was released.

"Now, my darter, I ez tried to do my duty by you an' Marriar, but ef you needs ennything mo', specially dogwood bitters, all you got to do is jes' to—come an' ax pa."

—Adapted from Lippincott's Magazine.

Pranks of Telephones.

There is no silver lining without a cloud; no blessing without a bother. All great inventions for the benefit or improvement of mankind are accompanied by a train of disasters. With the introduction of locomotives came railway accidents, collisions track-jumping bridge-breaking and a host of minor casualties. Complicated machinery for manufacturing purposes has been swelling the death and accident list of the country ever since its inception, and the marvelous triumphs in agricultural implements are fast providing for us one-legged, one-armed, fingerless, toothless and otherwise mutilated yeomanry. The use of the telephone in San Francisco has been attended by a series of ludicrous, embarrassing and startling complications. The hundreds of wires, forming an aerial net-work above the city, sometimes become strangely confused and tangled, to the bewilderment and amusement of the human beings at their various termini.

A prominent educational official whose office is on Sansone street, has been somewhat troubled by the vagaries of his telephone wire, which, during the late stormy weather acquired a strange faculty for hobnobbing with all sorts of undesired and undesirable acquaintances, or carrying a stream of gossip to its owners' ears.

"Is Mr. —, member of the School Board, there?" slowly and deliberately asks the owner.

A muttered answer is constructed into a favorable response.

"Do you know Miss S —, a teacher in the schools, recently thrown out by a consolidation of classes? She has a first-class certificate, and also a certificate of approval."

"Genuine high-stepper; brown coat?" comes the singular query.

"She has a dignified gait, and now you speak of it, I think she wore a brown cloak. But I think your language—excuse me—somewhat inappropriate. She was in here this morning, and I think she deserves the first vacancy."

"She'll beat them all and no mistake."

"If I think you are wrong. She certainly has a reputation for good discipline, but I hardly think she would resort to corporal punishment except in a case of extreme necessity."

"And, by the way, Blikins, those races at Sacramento next week"—comes more distinctly to the ears of the bewildered gentleman, who begins to suspect that he has been interrupting a conversation between two gentlemen of jockeyish proclivities.

A signal reaches the office of a well known physician.

"My dear," comes a musical voice over the wire, which he at once recognizes as his wife's, "meet me at the Oakland boat at twelve o'clock. We must be on the other side at a quarter to one, without fail." The doctor was just starting out for an important round of visits, but this peremptory summons was not to be disregarded. There was little time to spare. Giving some hasty directions to his assistant he spun away to the left.

The lady he sought did not make her appearance. When the whistle had sounded and the boat slowly receded with the last passenger on board, a sudden, jealous suspicion seized him. Could it be possible that his wife had intended the message for some other man, that they had eluded his observation? In a tumult of dread he drove speedily home. If she were gone then there would be some foundation for his suspicions. He burst into the house and hastened to his wife's room. A grief-stricken and anxious face met him on the threshold.

"O, my dear, I am so glad you have come. Baby is having such a terrible time with that eye-tooth. He has been screaming the whole forenoon."

"Didn't you speak to me through the telephone?"

"No; baby has not been out of my arms since you left. O, dear, perhaps it was some of your lady friends whom you mistook for me."

The arch, laughing glance which she gave him, with smile of wifely trust, pierced his heart like a dagger. He buried the secret of his own suspicion in his guilty breast, and drowned his remorse in alleviating the sufferings of his little son.

The telephone itself is not at fault. It is man who is fallible, rash, thoughtless, disposed to speak without consideration, and jump at conclusions. The educating influence of telephone practice in developing the traits of forethought and caution is no slight factor in its utility and beneficial effect upon mankind. Some experienced telephone operators, saddened and chastened by months of blundering, become wise and wary. When they desire to communicate with a friend they open the conversation in a crafty, wily manner; parley procrastinate until they become convinced that there is no question as to the identity of the speaker at the other extremity of the wire with the person called, and not until then plunge into the business with assurance. When a call comes to them over the wire, and long-ice bell sounds its notes of warning, they approach it with the same caution exhibited by any army advancing to meet an enemy in an unknown country. Then a system of cross-questioning is carried on, sometimes very amusing to a disinterested listener. In the office of a prominent lawyer on California street, a gentleman noted for his sagacity and keenness, a specimen some of this kind occurred the other day.

"Ding! ding! ding!" went the telephone.

The legal gentleman slowly arose from his easy chair, approached the apparatus with a suspicious air, and applied his ear to the instrument.

"You there?"

"Depends upon whom you mean," was the guarded response.

"I mean Mr. B. the lawyer."

"Who are you?"

"Judge C."

"What's your Christian name?"

"I have no time for trifling, I am in a hurry. Have you got the papers in that case?"

"Where and when were you born?" continues the imperturbable attorney, relapsing into professional habits.

"My dear sir, what possible beating—"

"You can't remember, eh? Just as I thought," declared the strategic legal gentleman in an aside. "Trying to evade an answer. It's that rascal Tom or else

—," naming a professional rival. But I know how to put a quiets on the matter. Halloa there!" addressing the telephone anew.

"Well," came the response.

"Allow me to read you an interesting document written one hundred and three years and nine months ago, and dear to the hearts of all American citizens: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of—"

"I should be very much obliged if you would postpone your eloquently practice until the fourth of next July. Mr. B." came across the wire in dignified displeasure and a tone of decided judicial severity, unmistakable to the hearer. The joker was discomfited and hastened to make due apologies for his blunder.

The possibilities of the telephone have not been fathomed. The day is approaching when it will seem quite as natural to conduct business transactions, arrange affairs of State, examine witnesses, have social chats, sing songs and make love through this agency, as face to face. But the peril to statesmen, financiers, rogues and lovers will be so increased by reason of the rare facilities for discovering secrets afforded by tapping the wires, that mysterious forms of speech will become as common as cryptograms in telegraphic communications. Never until then will the nation be secure.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Yesterdays.

Ever since the days of the Wise Man of All, a great deal of breath has been expended in talking to the young about the waste of their time, as if it were possible to drill anything of the sort into their minds until it comes to them by the lessons of experience. You may tell them, and they may know it by mere rote and routine, that two from three leaves one, but they do not know it as a fact of consciousness till they have learned it through the visible and sensible abstraction of two objects from three in their own hands.

To the young, life seems like the outpour of an inexhaustible spring flowing into a boundless sea. Should the spring be drilled anything of the sort into their minds until it comes to them by the lessons of experience. You may tell them, and they may know it by mere rote and routine, that two from three leaves one, but they do not know it as a fact of consciousness till they have learned it through the visible and sensible abstraction of two objects from three in their own hands.

As a rule, youth is so full of vitality, so elastic and so buoyant, that the moments go lightly on the wings of the swiftly succeeding thoughts and actions. It is only the unhealthy young—unhealthy morally or mentally, or placed in unhealthy circumstances—who find any need of using the process known as killing time, that Thoreau impaled on the point of his pen when he said, "As if one could kill time without injuring eternity."

For the most of us, alas! time kills itself all too soon. We but just kill it to be accomplished, of this pleasure to be enjoyed, of this work to be achieved—in fact, just learn how to enjoy, and be conscious that we are enjoying, we but just learn how delightful times is—and time is gone. We have been dallying with youth and all the sweet properties of youth, and suddenly the look of hair that blows before our eyes is gray.

And what of that, one might say? Silver is as beautiful as gold; white is as strong and good in its way as black or yellow. But the truth is that that silver is the insignia of the frost of the grave, and the gold was the emblem of vitality and pulsation; and as one replaces the other we are fain to know that the wind which blows from the undiscovered country is breathing in our face.

It is not that the gold departs from the hair or the bloom from the cheek in itself that gives us thought, but the knowledge of a meaning behind the fact, that the vital energy departs with them and that force which sends us along the paths of life as the stars are sent in their courses. And it is not by degrees, but usually all at once, that we are made aware of our loss—loss, too, of something more than the round beauty of early years, and all the pleasures that belonged to them, the loss of the interests of that period. We no longer live in them; we look back on them. We remember how, sweet those pleasures and interests were; the bitterness is that they are no longer sweet, and that we do not care whether they are sweet or not; that we have ceased to value them, to take delight in them, to long for them; and that we know that while we once felt we could not live without them, we now neither reach forward nor back for them, and that we put forth all our energies only in preserving the remnant of comfort and joy that is left to us. One last amazement comes to us then, when it occurs to us for the first time, that we are really, as we look back on our past, beholding another person than ourselves, a young, passionate, throbbing, happy or unhappy fool, but one who has no other connection with our calm wisdom and attainment and our weariness than that of having a better acquaintance than any body else has. There are people who grow old gracefully, and take the years as they come; a little saddened but not melancholy. Perhaps their passions and emotions decline with their years; perhaps they have children and grandchildren, and in these perhaps they may, through life, see themselves repeated, and in whom they thus, forgetfully and unselfishly, are living their lives over again. But there are others who fight hopelessly with fate, and die unrepentant rebels.

For this latter class there is only one comfort, the comfort of faith in immortality of religion. For only those who regard this life as the entrance of the future life, and the relinquishing grasp of its delights as only the rustling down of

FOR THE LADIES.

Items of Interest Which Most Concern the Fair Sex.

Cheese cloth dresses will be worn again this summer.

Heavy blue-pleated flounces to the knee are much worn.

This is the weather for white lawn and dotted Swiss toiles.

Trousers under the skirts are universally worn by equestriennes.

The poor pug's nose is broken. The monkey is the favorite.

Short and scant costumes continue to be the rule for riding habits.

The princess effect is the prevailing style of full dress summer toiles.

Hamburg or some other embroidery is preferred to lace on white dresses.

Orange blossoms and white lilacs are the bridal flowers of the month of June.

Riding habits for summer are of dark gray or navy blue or dark brown cloth.

White vests and shirt fronts, once worn only by a brave few, are now very dressy.

White dresses, simply made, are additions to a wardrobe that all should possess.

Japanese darasols have been common long enough. Soon they will be fashionable.

English equestrian styles are adopted by New York ladies who ride in the Park.

Every conceivable material, color, shade and style are seen in dolman shape.

"Gold splash muslin" is the title of a white muslin with careless dashes of gold paint.

Panniers and bark draperies of Surah silk are frequently added to faillie costumes.

Black Spanish lace sleeves are derogatory with black summer toilet of ceremony.

Stockinette has long been displayed in Boston, but who has seen the Jersey in our streets?

White thread gloves, with buttons innumeral, are more desirable than those with lace tops.

White or cream nun's veiling and white Surah make an admirable combination toilet of ceremony.

Beils of the material or trimming of a dress must only half encircle the waist, being sewn into under arm seams.

A bonnet of Tuscan straw, lately worn by a fashionable dame was devoid of all trimming, but of one long heavy plume.

The wedding dress of Miss Berthold, daughter of the Consul-General at Paraguay, was entirely of hand-made Spanish lace.

The quickest possible method of catching cold that is compatible with a lady's idea of haste, is to wear linen underclothing while bathing.

Are the pilgrim grown for those who depart out of the "Hub" in order that the huge loads' pockets may not be lightened by exorbitant taxes?

Early birds at watering places will have to don their thickest feathers or be frozen like the memorable "first bird of spring," whose music friz in his throat."

Do you want to know the style in polo noises? They are long, they are short, they are plain, they are dressy, they are snug and they are ample. It is a very pretty style.

It gives a pretty, rosy-cheeked woman a "plumed and winged for the fight" air, to tie a mass of frothy, foamy mull under her dimpled chin in an immense bow. Try it and see.

Ladies with a tinge of gypsy blood will appreciate and appropriate black grenadine basques lined with blood-red satin. These caprices ought to be called "Ethiopian blushes."

The summer travelling dress for brides is of Chudita cloth of coachman's drab or biscuit shade, made up over a silk skirt of the same color, and trimmed with drab or biscuit Surah silk.

A bonnet of yellow, lined with red and trimmed with red and yellow roses had strings fastened to the bonnet by little Japanese fans. The latter were just the right things to cool down the effect.

Elaborate double trains and high-wired Medici collars of pearls or crystal beads are adopted for bridal dresses, when the wedding is "at home," in the evening, large, and an occasion of full ceremony.

Not the least of the encouragements to a first of May pilgrim was, that a near neighbor was very accommodating. It was said: "She has an elegant lace scarf that every one in the neighborhood has borrowed, and she never cares a bit."

Woman is bound to be man's equal and to imitate him in all desirable qualities. So ladies' dresses are now padded out square on the shoulders. It will give some queer results. Certain ladies will present the appearance of "a baby face on a hod carrier's shoulders."

If the Fayal hat is the favorite, it does seem as if it must be after the style of the predilection of the Beauty of the Beast. It is light, it is capable of tortured writhings of all descriptions, but it is homely all the same, unless deftly fashioned by a milliner born, not made.

The style of the moment for English bridesmaids is to wear simple white muslin dresses with a fishu crossed on the bosom, white parasols and a small basket of flowers hanging on the arm. The waist must be round and gathered to a belt, and worn with a wide belt of Surah silk with sash ends.

A family of Canton, Mass., suffocating with coal gas, were saved through the instrumentality of a dog. They were all insensible, with the exception of the father, who was just able to go to another room to get some water, when he fainting. The house dog licked his face until he was restored to consciousness, just in time to revive the family.

An old bachelor says that during leap-year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

EUGENIE'S LAST DAY IN PARIS.

When, on that terrible 4th of September, the mob forced its way into the Palais Bourbon, and quelled legal opposition by tumult, it became evident to the Ministers of the Crown that all was lost, and that the next thing was to insure the personal safety of the Empress. At two the Princess Clothilde came to say good-bye to her cousin—she was to leave Paris the following day. From time to time the gallant General Millinet came to ask his Imperial mistress if it were not best to repel by force the mob that was already surging at the very gates of the palace. The Empress expressly forbade any violence to be used. At 3.30 M. Pietri opened the door and said in a low, earnest voice, "Madam, you have only just time!" "Make haste, Madame, only make haste!" exclaimed at the same moment Prince Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra, who had been watching the movements of the mob below from the window. The Empress went hurriedly into her bedroom, put on a brown waterproof cloak, a round traveling hat covered with a veil of the same color, took a parasol of the same color and then began to collect in great haste all the miniatures of the Emperor, her son, her sister, the Duchess of d'Albe, and of her niece, and put them into a lapis lazuli box, which, however, in the haste of her flight, she was destined to leave behind. "Make haste, Madame, I hear cries, they are mounting the stairs, they are coming!" cried M. Nigra. Prince Metternich went boldly into the bedroom and took the Empress by the arm.

"Madame, where are you going?" asked M. Chevreau.

"Metternich will tell you," replied the Empress. Then coming back as she was leaving the room, she added, "Say good-bye to my good sisters of charity, whom I was forgetting, and take care of the wounded!" Her first thought even in the excitement of this terrible moment, was for others.

Every one had, more or less, lost their presence of mind. The Empress left without taking any money with her, although there were at out forty thousand francs in the drawers.

As Prince Metternich's coupe was supposed to be stationed in front of the Louvre by the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, it was through the famous picture-gallery that the Imperial party fled.

At one moment the Empress, seeing from the window the mob rushing into the courts of the Palace, stopped short, and said "See! It is too late; we must stay! It is too late, we cannot pass!" Prince Metternich, however, hurried her on, exclaiming, "We must, Madame, we must!" At the top of the Egyptian staircase her Majesty held out her hand to Messrs. Conti and Canouac, and said, "You had better go no further. Something might happen to you!" At last they got out of the Palace and reached the street. Luckily, Prince Metternich's coachman had stationed the Ambassador's coupe on the Quay. The Prince ran to get it; but during his absence the mob, increasing every moment, threatened to overwhelm the little knot of persons accompanying the Empress. Suddenly a gamine bawled out, "There's the Empress!"

"What little wretch! Do you dare cry 'Vive la Prusse'?" exclaimed M. Nigra, with wonderful presence of mind. Just at that moment a sacre passed. The Italian Ambassador made a sign for it to stop, and pushed the Empress and Madame Le Breton into it, whispering, "Get in, Madame, get in, we cannot wait for Metternich's breakthrough." Madame Le Breton gave the address that came into her head, and the cab rolled rapidly away. The next question was where they were to go? It was necessary to get some money, and obtain a temporary refuge. They went from house to house; all their friends were absent from home. Suddenly a lucky idea struck Madame Le Breton—Dr. Evans, the celebrated dentist, inhabited a hotel in the Avenue Malakoff, and the Empress could rely on his loyalty and devotion. They drove there without delay, and although the Doctor was not at home, took refuge until his return. Two days later a carriage containing Dr. Evans and two ladies, both closely veiled, and one apparently old, tottering, and infirm, drove up to the door of the Hotel du Casino at Deauville. The Doctor alighted and engaged rooms for himself and companions, ascertaining that he was accompanied by an old and infirm lady who needed the greatest tranquillity and repose. The invalid was apparently too ill to leave her room, and her meals were passed through the half open door and taken by the young lady. It so happened that Sir John Burgoyne's yacht was lying at that time in the Basin de Deauville, on the very eve of departure for England. A gentleman casually said one afternoon to a lady, after the *faute d'hotel*.

"You know Sir John Burgoyne very well, I believe?"

"O, yes," was the reply, "I have tea on board his yacht every day."

"Would you mind asking him then, if he would be kind enough to take charge of some very valuable jewels belonging to a lady of rank, which I want to send in safety to England?" The lady consented, and Sir John readily promised to take charge of the jewels. When this favorable reply was made known to the gentleman who asked the favor, he hesitated a moment and then said, "Since Sir John is so kind, I am almost tempted to ask him if he would not quite willingly take charge of the lady herself, in case she should want to take refuge in England." "I have no doubt he would gladly do so," replied Sir John's friend. "I will ask him to-night." When this second request reached Sir John's ears, he began to have an inkling of the truth, especially as the gentleman who was so anxious about the welfare of this strange lady and her jewels was none other than a Chamberlain of the Empress. Of course he consented to take charge of the lady, and pledged his word as an English gentleman that no harm should come to her. This was in the evening, and the yacht was to leave at early dawn. At about midnight, a small party, composed of two ladies and two gentlemen, came on board, and one lady, throwing back her veil and revealing in the full moonlight one of the most beautiful faces ever given to mortal, said, sadly and sweetly, "I am the Empress. I put myself under the

protection of a British flag, and under the care of an English gentleman!" Sir John bowed his knee.

The following morning, when people rose to throng the beach, the yacht was standing boldly out to sea.

Sad Suicide of Two Children.

The Hungarian papers report a peculiarly painful case of double suicide committed by two shepherd boys respectively ten and twelve, near Karlsburg. These lads were in charge of a flock of sheep turned out to graze upon some grass land, abutting upon the Karlsburg-Arad railway, and had been several times reproved by the watchman stationed near their pasture ground for allowing the sheep to stray on the line. One day, just as the Arad express came in sight, several sheep had wandered down the embankment and were in imminent danger of being crushed by the train, from which, however, they were rescued by the timely intervention of the watchman in question, who as soon as the train had passed, called up the boys and told them he would have them severely punished for not regarding his oft-repeated warnings. The terrified young lads held a long consultation together as to how they might escape the threatened penalty, and speedily came to the conclusion that the best way of getting out of their scrape would be to drown themselves. One of them had just had a new hat, adorned with a gray peacock's feather, given to him, which he sold for thirteen kreuzers to a little peasant girl who had been at play with the boys when the dreadful menace of punishment was imparted to them. With the price of this hat he purchased some small loaves, and the three children sat down by the Maros to hold their "Pamona," or death feast, and this being terminated the boys then climbed the parapet of the Maros bridge, their tiny playmates counting aloud, "One, two, three!" and at the last word they sprang hand in hand into the river, sinking immediately under the broken ice with which the surface of the rapid stream was partially covered.

How Gibraltar Was Captured.

It was a sudden inspiration which induced Sir George Rooke, as he lay, with a combined fleet of British and Dutch ships, inactive off Tangier, to make a dash at the great Spanish fortress on the opposite side of the straits. Reports which proved well founded, said that Gibraltar was but weakly garrisoned, and that its defenses were wholly inadequate to protect it from a vigorous attack; a bold and sudden descent might wrest it therefore from Spanish hands. Accordingly, upon the first of August, 1704, the fleet appeared in the bay, and summoned the place to surrender. A certain Don Diego de Salinas was its governor, and he had at his disposal just eighty regular soldiers, to which by great exertions, he added a few hundred volunteers and militia. With these, ill armed and ill found as they were, and with but few guns and small stores of powder and shot, he made what show he could, but the British blue-jackets and marines landing at three points—at the Old and New mole, and at a bastion now known as Jumper's, from the naval captain of that name who here led the assault—carried all before them. As a last resource the nuns of Santa Clara, followed by a crowd of terrified women and children, went in procession to the shrine of the Virgin de Europe, to intercede for divine interposition; but they fell into the hands of the enemy, who had by this time made themselves masters of the New mole. Successful, also, at the other points, Don Diego had no alternative but to capitulate and haul down his flag. The captors then took formal possession of the place in the name of Prince George, of Hesse, who was present, and who claimed the throne of Spain. But it was the union jack which was hoisted, and which was continued to wave over the rock of Gibraltar from that day to this.

The Great Lakes.

The latest measurement of the great fresh water seas are as follows: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles, its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 694 feet, elevation, 627 feet, area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 180 miles, mean depth, 290 feet, elevation, 596 feet, area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles, greatest breadth, 169 miles; mean depth, 630 feet, elevation, 274 feet; area, 29,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles, greatest breadth, 80 miles, mean depth 81 feet; elevation, 557; at r. 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles, mean depth, 500 feet, elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The length of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area of upward of 136,000 square miles.

In the horse car. A little boy whispered in his mother's ear something to which she says No. The child begins to whine and repeats his request, which is again unfavorably received. Thereupon there is crying and sobbing enough to terrify the whole car. The gentleman opposite, a gentleman whose every feature beams with good nature and good fortune, and all the better that his teeth are enshrined in the purest gold, thinks he ought to interpose. "Dear little angel," said he in a paternal tone, "why not give him what he wants? Is it impossible?" "Absolutely impossible," replied the mother. "And what was it, then, he said?" inquired the good man, unmasking still more of his ivory. "He said: 'I want Monsieur's teeth to play with.'"—*Paris paper.*

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Gentlemen.—About twelve years ago while traveling with Father Kemp's Old Tolla Concert Troupe as a tenor singer, I took a severe cold and was laid up at Newark, N. J. This cold brought on a severe attack of Catarrh, which I battled with every known remedy for four weeks without avail, and was finally obliged to give up a most desirable position and return home. For three years afterwards I was unable to sing at all. The first attack of Catarrh had left my nasal organs and throat so sensitive that the slightest cold would bring on a fresh attack, leaving me prostrated. This was my condition when I discovered Sanford's Radical Cure. I bought a bottle, and used it, the severest I ever had, was terrible. I suffered the most excruciating pain in my head, was so hoarse as to be scarcely able to speak, and coughed incessantly. I thought I was going into quick consumption, and I firmly believe it had. These symptoms continued without relief, till I would have rendered me an easy victim. When I tried this dressing condition, I commenced the use of Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh, and very reluctantly I confess, as I had tried all the advertised remedies, I bought the greatest relief. A wonderful medicine gave me the greatest relief. It is hardly possible for one whose head aches, of a ache, who can scarcely articulate, and who is afflicted with the most excruciating pain in his throat, to realize how much relief is obtained from the first application of this Radical Cure. It acts upon the influence, both internal and external, I rapidly recovered, and by an occasional use of the Radical since, have been entirely free from Catarrh, in the first time in twelve years.

Respectfully yours, GEO. W. HOLBROOK, WALTHAM, MASS. Jan. 8, 1895.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price, \$1.00. For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and by the United States and Canadian. WELLS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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These Plasters have now been before the public for two years, and notwithstanding the immense number of remedies in the form of liniments, lotions, ointments, and ordinary plasters, they have steadily increased in sale and met with universal approval, as evidenced by over one thousand testimonials in our possession. Many remarkable cases have been certified to by well-known citizens in all parts of the United States, copies of which will be sent free of charge to any one desiring them. Improvements, in many ways, have been made, as suggested by experience and use, until it is believed that they are now perfect in every respect, and the best plaster in the world of medicine. All we ask from every sufferer is to try a single trial. The price is 25 cents, although the cost is double that of any other plaster. But, notwithstanding the efforts of the proprietors to make the best plaster in the world for the least money, any similar remedy can be bought, members of our scrupulous dealers will be found ready to misrepresent them for selfish motives and endeavor to substitute others. If you ask for

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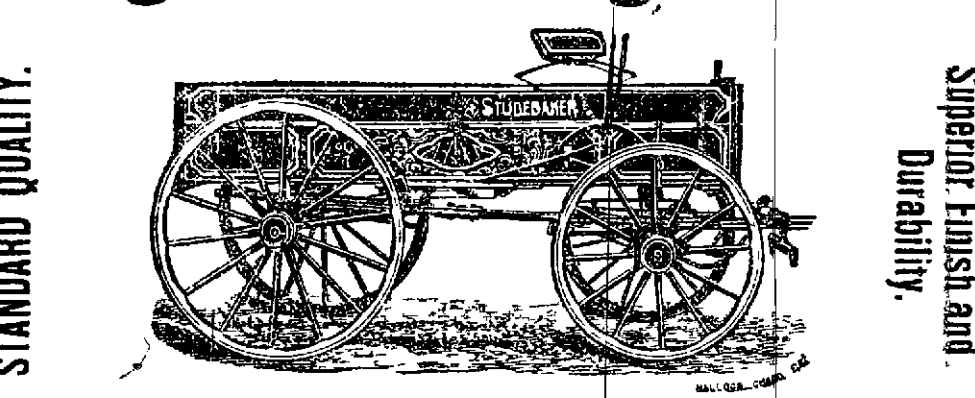
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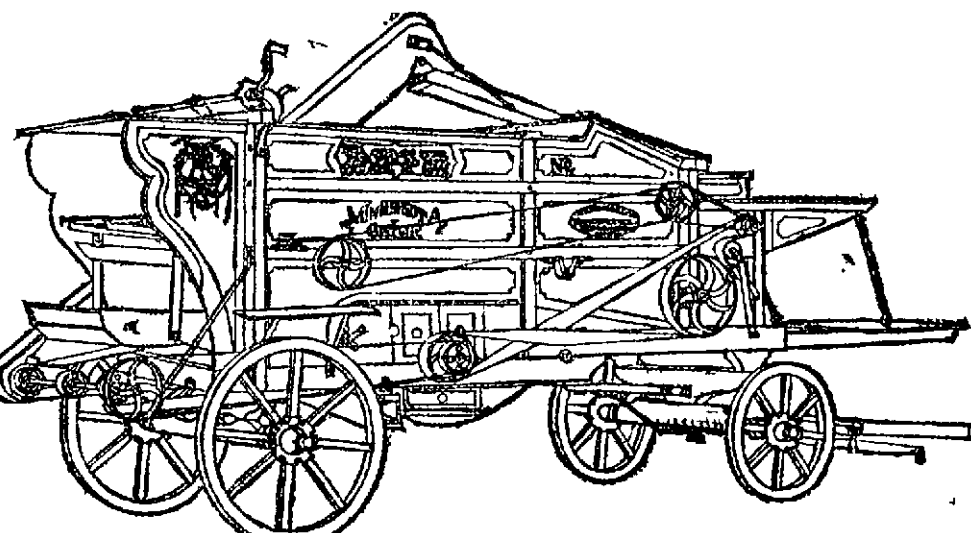
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How much the heart may bear and yet not break,
How much the soul may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
(Of soul or body brings our end more high.
Death chooses his own time, till that has come
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering
living life.

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts
are still—
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But yet it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
About it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone;
But, oh, we do not die with those we mourn;
This, also can be borne.

Behold we live through all things, famine,
thirst,
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
All we and sorrow; life inflicts its worst.
On soul and body, but it cannot die,
Though we be sick and faint and tired and worn.
Lo, all things can be borne.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

FOOLING IN EARNEST.

Miss Mehitable Parsons, stood before the kitchen window, preparing sausages and potatoes for breakfast. Her cat, Spice, sat on the sill, surveying her mistress' proceedings in serene anticipation; and the small servant, who with Spice, formed the whole of Miss Parsons' limited establishment, was vigorously sweeping the passage, with a broom much too large for her, the handle of which kept up a perpetual knocking accompaniment against the walls.

It was a beautiful day, sunny and balmy, with a fresh, delicious perfume of spring grass and budding leaves; and a few opening blossoms were sprinkled like new fallen snow-flakes on the branches of the old pear tree. Miss Mehitable divided her attention between these, the sausages and potatoes, and the contemplation of three speckled hens, which she intended to "set" to-morrow. She had just arrived at a close mental computation of what would be the net proceeds of the hatching, when the small servant rushed in, wonder in her eyes and a letter in her hand.

"O, mum!" says she, holding up the missive, "jest see what I found tucked under the street door."

Miss Parsons' correspondence was not an extensive one. With the exception of a married sister in California, from whom she heard once in six months, or a cousin in a town some thirty miles distant, who wrote to her about twice in three years, she boasted no regular correspondent. She, therefore, surveying with interest the brim-stone colored envelope, which the small servant held up, and wiping her finger and thumb on her apron took it gingerly by one corner, and examined it with microscopic scrutiny.

"Miss Mehitable Parsons, Present! No stamp nor postmark. Nothing in that I can feel of. Name spelled wrong, too. Who could have sent it? What can it be about, I wonder? Put under the door, too, without knocking. I do wonder what it is about, and who it is from!"

As the most direct means of enlightening her mind on these obscure points, Miss Parsons at length bethought herself of opening the letter. She sat down, carefully opened the envelope, unfolded the enclosure, and read aloud its contents, written in awkward schoolboy hand, and embellished with sundry blots and erasures:

"MISS MEHITABLE PARSONS—Madam:—I take the liberty to inform you that as there is no peace or quiet in the neighborhood, nor is likely to be, so long as your cat trespass on my premises, and set my dog barkin' all night, and the neighbors throwin' bootjacks at him and threatenin' to shut him, I hereby inform you that the next time your cat trespass on my wood shed ruff, or the garling fence, I'll shut your cat and git some peace and quiet.

Yours respectfully,
CAPTAIN TELLER.

Miss Mehitable gave a gasp, and let her hands drop nerveless in her lap.

"The land! Who ever heard of the like? Why the man must be stick stark crazy."

Then her eyes flashed with just indignation.

To think of such assurance—and to me, the darter o' Deacon Parsons! In all the forty-five years since I was born in this very house, I've never had such an outrageous thing to happen to me—never!

Her lips quivered—her eyes filled with tears.

"If there was a man of any sort in the house, he wouldn't a dared to write that letter. It all comes of my being a poor lone unpertected woman. And he wants to shoot my Spice!"

Here, suddenly arousing to a sense of Spice's danger, she hastily turned to the window, but the cat had disappeared.

"Sally! Sally! run into the garden, quick, and bring in the cat! That dreadful man may be getting his gun at this very minute. Run!"

"Please, 'm," says Sally, nervously, peeping through the window, as though a tribe of Indians in war-paint were ambuscading behind the sage and gooseberry bushes—"pleas, 'm I don't see her nowhere."

"Then go and look for her—quick! skereerly dare to shoot you, you little coward!"

As Sally disappeared, her mistress turned to the fizzling sausages and potatoes, which having been neglected in her excitement, were now giving out and odor of burning.

She had hardly time to turn them when the small servant rushed in, pale, and with wide-open eyes, bearing Spice in her arms, carefully wrapped in her check apron.

"Oh, mum! Cap'n Teller's over in his yard, and he do look awful!"

Miss Mehitable peeped from her window. There indeed was her next door neighbor, bare-headed, an ax in his hand, slowly rolling up his shirt-sleeves, as he glared at Spice, who had suddenly resumed her favorite seat in the window.

"I'll go right out and speak to him!"

said Miss Mehitable, with a flushed face and rather dangerous sparkling in her eye, "I'll let him know whether or not I'm to be imposed on, if I am a lone woman! I'll make him understand that there is law in the land!"

It was only three weeks since Captain Teller had taken the little cottage next that of Miss Mehitable Parsons. He had formerly lived at quite the opposite end of the town, where his sister Patty had kept house for him.

But Patty, having taken it into her head to marry and leave him, and the neighbors having kept an incessant watch on the captain, to see how he would get along without a housekeeper—and the widows in special having been extremely officious in offers of advice and assistance—Captain Teller, had, in disgust, removed himself, his dog Pickle and his few goods and chattels to the opposite end of the town.

Here he had fondly hoped to live in peace in the intervals of his voyaging; for the captain, be it known, was commander of the gallant barque Dauntless, on which he periodically breasted the turbid waves of the canal with cargoes of grain, timber and other such articles of commerce.

On his return from these expeditions, he had been accustomed to find his house set in order for his arrival, his clothes washed and mended, and his meals nicely cooked and served; but since Patty's marriage, he had been thrown upon his own resources, and had found a woeful change in his home.

His friends had suggested that he should follow his sister's example, and take unto himself a helpmate, but the captain was rather diffident on this point, and averred that he had no time to waste in courtship. If the right woman were to turn up, who would marry him right away, without any circumambulation and fopling, why he might be induced to think of it, for his clothes were woefully in want of repair, and his cooking was none of the best, to say nothing of house cleaning, and other such drudgery, for the execution of which women had been specially created, by a wise and considerate Providence.

As it was the captain slowly shook his iron-gray locks, and bravely announced his own and Pickle's intention to rub along together, and rough it out as best they might—maybe something would turn up in time.

The captain was of a philosophical turn of mind, and inclined to take things easy. Not so Pickle, who made an occasion of demur or aggression of everything that fell in his way.

And thus it had been, indeed, that Capt. Teller had had the misfortune of a misunderstanding with Miss Mehitable Parsons, before he had been three days her neighbor.

It had all come through Pickle and Spice. Spice had throughout her life enjoyed the undisputed privilege of daily siestas on the summit of the fence-post separating the two gardens; which Pickle, observing, had resented and resisted as an unwarrantable intrusion upon his own and his master's domestic privacy.

A deadly feud had thereupon sprung up between these two, resulting in more than one bloody encounter, wherein Pickle had nearly lost an eye and Spice had narrowly escaped with her life.

Miss Mehitable had taken part with her persecuted cat, and Capt. Teller had defended the cause of his aggrieved dog; so that the coolness existing between these two animals had extended to their owners.

No one, however, not even Mehitable, had dreamed of the captain's carrying the matter so far as to threaten to murder her precious cat.

Spice was the best known and most highly respected cat in the town, and, with the exception of that incorrigible youngster, Dick Purnell—Lawyer Purnell's son, to whom most of the mischief in the place might be traced—no one had ever yet dared to shy a brickbat at Miss Parsons' favorite, or to shave her tail and string it with spoils of assorted sizes.

As for pickle, a bow-legged, crooked-shouldered, his master often declared him to be the perfection of the canine species, with whom he would not part for his weight in gold. Pickle had one weakness, the captain sorrowfully admitted, and that was cats.

On this particular April morning, Captain Teller, having paid an early visit to the boat, returned home to his seven o'clock breakfast. He entered at the front door with a cheerful countenance, followed by Pickle; but when fifteen minutes later, he made his appearance in his back garden for the purpose of cutting wood for his fire, his broad, honest and not uncommonly countenance wore a thoughtful and severe aspect, and his eyes rested sternly upon Sally, as she fled into her mistress's back door with Spice.

Capt. Teller turned over a log with his foot, and muttered to himself:

"Run 'un, she is! All women are run 'uns, seems to me. Glad I have got nothing whatsoever to do withum. I'm independent up the hill set, I am!"

He turned to the log again, looking for a favorable spot whereupon to commence operations, glanced at his tattered coat and trousers airing on the back stoop, and sighed.

"Not but what there might be some good ones among them, if a body only knew where to find them, as the d'mand washer said to the pebbles. A smart, tidy, cheerful, willing housekeeper would be a convenience to hev about one's home; but—ahem—she is a run specimen, there is no denying. What's got her back up so sudden this time, like that pesky cat of hers—"

It was at this moment that Miss Parsons, with virtuous indignation in her eyes, and outraged innocence in her aspect, made her appearance on the back porch.

"Capten Teller!"

"Good morning, marm," responded the person addressed with much civility. "I am surprised at you!" said Miss Parsons by way of commencement, and with marked emphasis.

"Same to you marm, if I may be permitted to express myself—meaning nothing disrespectful to a woman."

Miss Mehitable's face flushed.

"I don't see, Capten Teller, why you should be surprised at a woman baying a word to say for herself, when she is abused and ill-treated."

"Very sorry, marm, if you have been worried. Pickle never meant it for you.

So long as your cat will aggravate him by invading his premises, he can skeraers be blamed by showing the interdependence of his nature. If she would keep on her own side there would be no difficulty."

"My cat has sat on that fence, for over three years undisturbed, till you and your dog came here to meddle and worry and make a fuss in the neighborhood."

"What harm does the cat do? It is all owing to that nasty, ugly, mean natured dog of yours. And you dare to think of shooting my Spice for sake of an ugly brute like that?"

Captain Teller stood erect, and with one hand resting on the handle of the axe and the other extended in a noble oratorical attitude, replied, with kindling eye and flushed face:

"Marm, fur be it from me to stoop to worry and badger a helpless woman. But when it comes to a situation such as the present, when you call my dog—a dog like that marm,—pointing to Pickle who, with head and tail erect, was sniffing in the direction of Spice, dozing in the window—"when you call him nasty, and mean-natured, and threaten to pizen him, all on account of a pesky critter such as that cat of yours—"

"I didn't say a word about pizen. It was you threatened to shoot my Spice," said Miss Mehitable, indignantly.

"Marm! The word shoot hasn't passed these lips of mine, that I am aware of. But the word pizen I've got writ down in black and white, as you well know."

"Cap'n Teller, I don't know what you are talking about, and I'm doubtful whether you know it yourself. What have I got to do with pizen? And did you not send me a note this very day threatenin' to shoot my cat?"

"Seems to me, Miss 'Hitable, you have got your ideas oddly mixed up this mornin'," responded the captain grimly. "If I'm to believe my own senses, it was you sent me a note, as I found under my street door this morning, informing me of your kind intention to 'pizen my dog.'"

"Well, I never," ejaculated Miss Mehitable. "Why, I never dreamed of such an outrageous thing! You're making up that story against me, Cap'n Teller, for no earthly purpose except for to excuse that note of yours about shooting my cat, and you know it!"

Captain Teller manifested no indignant resentment at this accusation. On the contrary, a sudden light and intelligence came into his eyes. He uttered not a word, but plunging his hand into the depths of his pocket, pulled forth a brimstone colored envelope, and opening the enclosure, presented it to the astonished gaze of his neighbor.

"Good gracious! said Miss Mehitable, hastily snatching a similar envelope from her own pocket.

The captain advanced to the paling which separated the two gardens, and Miss Mehitable came down to her steps, and the twin missives were mutually examined, to the lady's bewilderment.

"You see, marm, said the captain, gently, to-day is the first of April. The blud thing is a trick—an April fool!"

"The land sakes!"

"I am ashamed to think that I have allowed myself to be made a fool of," said the captain, gravely. "And I beg pardon for anything hasty and ungentlemanly that I might have been led into saying to a wamon. But you see, marm, a man's dog is his friend—his best friend, marm."

"And I am sure Spice is my friend," said Miss Mehitable.

"Certainly, certainly," acquiesced the captain cheerfully.

"And of course my feelings were hurt when I thought you wanted to shoot her. Fur be it from me marm, to hurt the feelings of any wamon."

"It is an outrageous mean trick!" said Miss Mehitable. "Nobody would have dared to take such liberty with a woman who had a father and a brother to protect her. It is only a lone woman they will take advantage of."

"And a lone man, marm, I can sympathize with you on that point," and he sighed audibly.

Miss Mehitable looked down, and adjusted a straggling raspberry spray. The captain rubbed his head and broke the silence by some vague remark upon the neatness of her garden.

"Why, the hens do scratch up considerable," Miss Parsons complained, pointing to some dusty holes under the opposite garden fence.

"Mebbe I could find a remedy for that," the captain suggested. "Patty always kept fowls, and depended on me to keep them in bounds. If you are agreeable, Miss Mehitable, I will step over anytime—say this afternoon—and fix your fence at the bottom, so as they can't reach under."

"I'm sure I'm obliged, if you don't rally mind the trouble, Cap'n Teller."

The two parted amicably. Miss Mehitable gave Sally positive orders to keep an eye on Spice, and by no means to allow her to go on the fence; and Captain Teller sternly commanded Pickle on no account whatever to enter the back yard during the remainder of the day.

Both he and Miss Mehitable on looking from their front windows, observed Master Dick Purnell, with one or two congenial spirits, collected at the door of his father's office, and surveying them with unusual interest and ill-suppressed grins.

The captain regarded them with serene benevolence. He seemed unusually cheerful that day, and punctually at four o'clock repaired to the next door premises, where he put the fence in beautiful order, and neatly nailed back the trailing raspberry vines.

That evening, as he was preparing his supper of muddy coffee and half raw, half burnt chops, there was a timid knock at the door, and enter Sally, bearing a tray of steaming chocolate, delicate waffles and other dainties, the sight and fragrance of which caused the captain's mouth to water and the tears to start to his eyes.

He emptied the china dishes into his own crockery, made Sally a sumptuous present of a stuffed parrot and a shell work-box, and sent her home, wondering and exultant, with a message to her mistress that, if agreeable, he would call next evening, and thank her in person.

What transpired on the occasion of that visit we can only conjecture, from the fact that in exactly three weeks from the first of April there was a private wedding at a little chapel around the corner,

followed by a family supper at Miss Parsons' pleasant cottage.

Patty was there, all smiles and happiness at her brother's good fortune, and it was observed that, with the exception of one brief moment of forgetfulness on the part of Pickle, he and Spice conducted themselves in an irreproachably correct manner. Also, it was marked by the wondering Sally that the captain secretly possessed himself of a huge chunk of wedding cake, which he surreptitiously bestowed upon Dick Purnell, who, mounted upon the front pailings, was straining his neck for indistinct glimpses of the bridal company within.

Justice S. J. Field as a Duelist.

During Mr. Field's legislative days in the California Legislature the members were little less than walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried bowie knives or pistols. Some flourished both weapons. When a member entered the House he unstrapped his revolvers and laid them on his desk. It was done with as little concern as hanging up a hat, and it excited neither surprise nor comment.

There was a hot debate over the proposed impeachment of Judge Turner. As the conclusion of Mr. Field's argument, B. F. Moore, of Tuolumne, arose to reply. He opened his drawer, cocked his revolver, and laid them on his desk. Then he launched himself on a sea of vituperation. Mr. Field was handled without gloves, and the speaker openly declared himself responsible for his language at any time or place. Mr. Field answered Mr. Moore's argument, but made no allusion to his personal remarks. After the adjournment, however, he asked S. A. Merritt to bear a note to Mr. Moore, demanding an apology or satisfaction. Mr. Merritt refused, through fear of being disqualified for office. Mr. Richardson, another member, also declined. Happening into the Senate-chamber, the jurist saw a stone-cutter seated at a desk writing. He was David C. Broderick, President of the State Senate. They were bowing acquaintances. "Why, Judge, you don't look well," said Broderick. "What is the matter?"

"Well, I don't feel well; I don't seem to have a friend in the world," responded Field.

"What worries you?" inquired the stone cutter.

The jurist gave the particulars of Mr. Moore's assault on his character, and said that at all hazards, he was determined to call him to account.

"Well, I'll be your friend, write your note; I will deliver it," Broderick answered.

The jurist wrote a note at an adjoining desk and Broderick placed it in Moore's hands. The latter gentleman crawled. He said that he expected to be candidate for Congress, and that he could not accept a challenge because that act would disqualify him. "I have no objection to a street fight, however," he added.

The stone cutter replied that a street fight was not exactly the thing among gentlemen, but if Mr. Moore would do no better he should be accommodated. He forthwith named time and place, and Mr. Moore promised to be on hand. But an hour, however, he had changed his mind. He informed Broderick that the Hon. Drury Baldwin would act as his friend, and delivered a reply to the note of Mr. Field.

On the next morning the stonecutter tested the jurist's skill in the use of a pistol. With a navy revolver Field plumped a knot on a tree at a distance of thirty yards three times out of five. Broderick expressed his satisfaction, and urged the necessity of bringing the matter to a speedy issue. "Bring it to an issue at once," Mr. Field responded. Broderick quickly called upon Drury Baldwin and asked for a reply to the note. Baldwin replied that his principal had made up his mind to drop the matter. "Then," said the stonecutter, "as soon as the House meets, Mr. Field will rise in his seat and repeat Moore's language as to his responsibility. He will state that respect for the dignity of the House prevented him from replying to the attack in the terms that it deserved when it was made, and after detailing Moore's refusal to give him satisfaction, he will denounce him as a liar and a coward."

"Then," said Drury Baldwin, "Judge Field will be shot in his seat."

"In that case," rejoined Broderick, "others will be shot in their seats."

At the opening of the House, Mr. Field took his seat at his desk as usual. Broderick was seated near him, with eight or nine personal friends, all armed to the teeth and ready for an emergency. When the journal was read both Field and Moore sprang to their feet, and shouted, "Mr. Speaker!" That officer recognized "the gentleman from Tuolumne," and Mr. Field resumed his seat. Moore read a written apology, full, ample and satisfactory.

Broderick afterward betrieded Mr. Field on many occasions. They were standing at the bar of a hotel in San Francisco in 1852, when Broderick saw a man throw back his Spanish cloak and level a revolver at his friend. In a twinkling he flung himself between the two men, and pushed Field out of the room. The prompt action undoubtedly saved his life.—Boston Herald.

The Communists' Five Francs.

At the French mint are shown new specimens of a coin which will be the blue ribbons of numismatists of the future. These are five-franc pieces struck during the reign of the Commune. At first sight they have all the appearance of coins of like value under the empire; but there is a difference, and it thus occurred: When the Communists began to run short of cash they wanted to coin some new-fashioned money, but were informed that no workmen competent for the task could possibly be got. Consequently they were compelled to go on using Napoleon's dies. Camelinat, however, was then Master of the Mint, bethought him of a slight innovation. On one side of the five-franc pieces of Napoleon are three emblems, one of which is a bee, representing the sign of the Director of the Mint. Camelinat replaced the bee by a trident. About 1,200,000 francs of these coins were struck, but had hardly been completed when the troops entered Paris, and nearly all these coins were dispatched to be melted and recast.

THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

Most people will remember that she caught cold while attending a great ceremony at the Jewish Synagogue of New York in 1855, and that through her having unfortunately neglected it, it eventually settled on her lungs, and in a few months utterly destroyed the constitution of this very remarkable woman. A winter in Egypt, far from improving her health, seems rather to have aggravated her malady, and on her return to France she was advised to spend the following session of 1857 at Nice. M. Sardou, with exquisite politeness, at once placed his villa at her disposal, and, on her accepting it, M. Mario Nechard, the accomplished author of "La Fiammetta," who was inhabiting it at the time, withdrew to another residence near Cannes.

When Rachel left Paris she was fully aware that her last days were drawing near, and before bidding a long farewell to her relatives and friends she ordered her carriage and drove to the front of the theatre Francaise, where she stayed a long time contemplating the scene of her greatest triumphs. According to her sister, Mlle. Sarah Felix, who was in the carriage with her, she did not, while thus employed, utter a single word; but the rapid changes of the expression on her wonderful countenance spoke a volume of mental sufferings and blighted hope.

The journey to the South was performed by short and easy stages. At Dragnagnan, one of the stations on the road, a beggar woman happened to come to the door of the inn just as Mlle. Rachel was getting into her carriage. Touched by the story told by the poor old creature, the great tragedienne opened her purse and gave her two or three gold pieces. This act of generosity exasperated Mlle. Sarah, who was of a very parsimonious character, and she remonstrated sharply with her sister for her prodigality. Rachel quietly answered, "My sister, what does it matter? In a few days I shall be dead. Let me do what little good I can before I go. If the old woman is an impostor, so much worse for her: God will judge with what intentions I gave her alms."

On arriving at Le Cannet she was received by several eminent persons, amongst others, by Dr. Maure, her physician. When she was introduced into her sleeping apartment she was seized with such a paroxysm of terror at the sight of the statue of Polymnia that her attendants thought she had lost her reason. She stood before it, trembling from head to foot, her brow contracted, her eyes flashing, her usually pale cheeks glowing with an unnatural hectic flush. "Take away the dreadful statue; for God's sake, take it away!" she cried, in the hollow voice which had so often struck awe into the hearts of thousands. "Take it away! It has sealed my doom, for under its shadow I shall surely die." In a few minutes her delirium, for such it really appeared to be, so increased that, before the statue could be removed, she was in strong convulsions, which were succeeded by a death like torpor. On recovering her senses, she explained the cause of the horror the statue had occasioned. On the night of July 8, 1852, she had a dream, in which she fancied herself in a chamber all draped in white; in the centre stood the figure of Polymnia, which seemed to cry out to her, "Under the shadow of my hand thou shalt surely die." This story was no invention, as was afterward found by reference to an entry in an old diary. Strange to relate, the statue could not be removed from the room, and was only concealed, without her knowledge, in an alcove behind her bed.

Rachel, like many exceedingly imaginative people, was given to what in other people would be called lying. She would at times tell the most extraordinary untruths, and in perfect good faith, so that her brother Raphael once told me it was really difficult to sift the truth from the falsehood in what she said. If she liked people she imagined and related a thousand agreeable anecdotes about them; and if she hated them, any number of enormities to illustrate their evil qualities. At Le Cannet, however, a gravity came over her which showed that she was inwardly preparing for the great change that awaited her. Almost the only book she now read was the "Imitation." Being asked by a skeptical friend what she considered its literary merits to be, she gravely, "I do not care what they are. If, monsieur, I had been carefully educated and trained from my youth, and had read this book earlier in life, I should have been a different woman. I advise you to read it with attention; its perusal will do you no harm." She frequently retired to her room to pray, and on several occasions held long conversations with friends upon religious subjects. I have been assured that shortly before her death she was converted to Catholicism and privately baptized.

When in Rome, in 1851, Rachel had frequently expressed her admiration of Christianity, and was observed to be greatly moved by the splendor of the rites in the various basilicas. It was during the sojourn in Eternal City that she was presented to Pius IX., under somewhat singular circumstances. She was visiting the gardens of the Vatican, toward the close of a very mild evening, when suddenly the Pope and his court traversed the alley in which she was walking. She knelt as the Pontiff passed, and one of his attendants whispering who she was, he turned to bestow his blessing upon her. Rachel bowed low. His Holiness addressed a few kindly words to her, and asked her some questions on her religious opinions. Whether purposely or by accident, she is said to have answered in the words spoken by Pauline in Corneille's superb drama of "Polyeucte," when that heroine becomes a Christian, "Je vois, je sais, je crois, je suis Chretienne enfin"—a speech with which she was used to electrify her audiences in the days of her glory.

Her life at Le Cannet was very simple. She rose at midday, and spent a deal of time in sewing, an occupation which whilst it kept her employed, did not excite her as dead reading and conversation. She also received a few visits, and sometimes, when feeling well enough, played cards—her favorite amusement. She was now always gentle and kind and still paid considerable attention to her dress, which usually consisted of a white muslin or silk peignoir, with natural flowers in her hair. The kindness and attention of her sister Sarah cannot be exaggerated;

she who was usually impetuous and ill-tempered was now beyond praise patient and loving.

It would be difficult to prescribe the interest which was manifested, not only in France, but all over the world, in the welfare of a woman who had once played the guitar in the street of Paris. Telegrams of inquiry were sent daily from half the courts of Europe, especially from that of St. Petersburg; and the quantity of fruit and flowers which arrived for her acceptance was positively incredible. Many ladies and gentlemen of distinction, from Nice, went in person to inquire after her. I remember that one day Mme. S. went with her daughter and took me, then a very small child, with them. I was perched on the box with the coachman.

On arriving at the Villa Sardon, we found Rachel, as the day was very fair, in the garden. She wore a white dress and an old black-and-white plaid shawl wrapped round her body and head. She came to the door of the brougham, and received the flowers my friends brought her with pleasant courtesy. I had become in the meantime rather restless, and manifested a strong inclination to get down. The ladies entered the house, and still I remained on my perch, no more paying me any attention. Presently Rachel turned round and said to the coachman in her peculiarly resonant voice:

"Faites, donc, descendre cet enfant." I shall never forget the tone of the woman who uttered it. I can see her now: A very small, snake-like, but beautifully-shaped head; features small, but straight and regular; hair raven black and simply bound up behind in a knot; eyes peculiar—one, I am sure, smaller than the other. The last peculiarity was so remarkable, at least to me, that I took special note of it in the room afterwards. I cannot recollect what occurred during the visit, but I do remember being presented with a handkerchief, containing a quantity of marmos glances, which, like the contented witch, I munched and munched on my homeward journey.

On January 1, 1858, she became suddenly worse, and on the following Friday her life was despaired of. She rallied again on the Saturday, but on Sunday, the 5th, all hope was again abandoned. "I am dying, Sarah," she said, and then soon be with my sister Rebecca, and then God will show mercy." Rebecca was her favorite sister, and died, when only twenty, of consumption.

Early in the morning of that fatal Sunday, she wrote affectionate letters to her parents in Paris. Sarah, seeing her sister's danger, summoned the Rabbi and Jewish singers from Nice. They approached the bed and began a mournful chant in the Hebrew language. "Ascend, O daughter of Israel, to God. Behold, O Lord God, the agony of thine hand-maiden, Rachel, and pity her sufferings. Shorten her pains, good Lord, and break these bonds which bind her to life, that she may be at rest. Lord God, pity Thy servant, and take her unto Thee, and let her agony redeem her sins, so that she may find peace." Whilst they were still singing, Rachel fell asleep in death. Just as the soul and body parted, she pressed her devoted sister's hand and opened her eyes, to fix them on her with an expression of tender affection. Six hours later, Dr. Maure felt the corpse and found it flexible, even warm; and it was long before he permitted it to be placed in the coffin.

Brain Work and Bad Habits.

Bad habits, impure air, unhealthful food, neglect of exercise, the use of tobacco and whisky, have killed thousands of students, where hard study has killed one. More people die, I think, from want of sufficient brain-work than from too much of it. When school-girls die from tight corsets, heavy skirts, heating chignons and other unnatural fictions, it is very kind in gentlemen to say, "Killed by hard study;" but women know better. Some years since I had a hired girl who suffered almost constantly from headache, but she wore continually a heavy chignon, supported by wire pins in her hair. Her headache was not caused by hard study. This same girl often spent forty minutes at night putting up her hair, and as many minutes in the morning taking it down again. But the worst of it all was that after all her care, she was sick, and consequently ugly. Young ladies can't safely study during school hours and then spend the hours allotted to exercise and recreation in the exhausting labor of altering old dresses into the latest fashion, or even in embroidery or stitching ruffles. They can scarcely afford an hour a day for the crumpling and frizzing of their hair. It is rather a curious study to notice how women, in all times and countries, have been bent on changing themselves from from what God made them. In some countries they blacken their teeth, and bandage the feet; in others they flatten the heads and paint the face; while in others they powder the face, irize the hair and variously deform the form divine. Now, if all this is necessary to make woman beautiful, it would be labor and care well spent, for every woman should make herself attractive if possible. But it is not true that the highest beauty, as well as art, is to be natural? Were not our grandmothers in their youth, though in plain attire, admired and loved quite as sincerely as the present generation of girls are? Good health, a good disposition and intelligence are the best beautifiers. I have sometimes thought a collection of the various styles of chignons, stays, hoop-skirts and other abominations of woman's apparel, would make a valuable instructive addition to some of our museums.

Finest Set of Pearls in the World.

Countess Henkel, one of the richest women in Europe, is now the owner of the famous pearl necklace formerly possessed by the Empress Eugenie. It was sold for \$27,000. The countess had some of the pearls less beautiful than the others removed and added to others—one which came from the jewels sold by the Queen

LOCAL LEAVES.
Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.
Hot! hotter!! hottest!!!
Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street. Have you tried Charley Williams' conversation water?
Dr. Porter has a very neat store adjoining Justus Bragg's, for rent.
In quality, purity and flavor Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is unsurpassed. It has no equal.
Five Chinamen have been added to the colony on Third street, making a good sized laundry.
The postoffice at Fort Peck, Montana, has been discontinued, the postmaster having failed to qualify.
Apple creek grave has obtained a celebrity for itself, and will hereafter be the popular resort for pic-nickers.
Clum Emmons has re-fitted, renovated and replenished his daisy cigar store. It is one of the neatest in the line.
Another large train belonging to the transportation company arrived Wednesday evening from the Black Hills.
It is said that Prof. Denton is a strong spiritualist and that he has written up the Bad Lands for the Duluth Tribune.
The Billington steamer Lily and her crew made Yankton in six days, the champion voyage for the smallest craft on the river.
Bismarck is the banner town of the territory for 4th of July celebrations. The festivity lasted three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday.
Sheriff Alex McKenzie left for Fargo Tuesday morning with some prisoners to be tried at the term of court now being held in that city.
Billy Penner has a dog four years old that never broke but one cup and saucer in his life. Billy's truckery bill has been unusually light.
The sun burned countenances and sleep appearance of the majority of the population, last Monday, was pretty good evidence of a glorious 4th, 5th and 6th.
The land office will hereafter be from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 to 5 p. m. Those having business with the office must call between the above hours.
The shower of Wednesday came just in the nick of time, being much needed, and will do immense good to the crops, which already promise to bring in returns one hundred fold.
The train of Oscar Ward took a spin around the block Tuesday, having aboard a load of furniture which was spilled near the corner of Fourth and Meigs streets, demolishing the wagon and spoiling considerable furniture.
Miss Edith Valentine, while riding Monday afternoon, was thrown from her spirited animal at the corner of Second and Main streets, but fortunately sustained no injuries, much to the astonishment of the large crowd that gathered around.
Philadelphia parties have purchased the Elliot estate at the 13th siding together with six sections of adjoining land and will open a large farm at that point. The railroad company have determined to put in a station there, also one at 17th siding.
Capt Peter Mantor was on the street Saturday. His recent illness has told to a fully upon him but with good care of himself he ought to be good for many years yet. The captain will leave for Minnesota soon and return with his family. His rents will be sufficient for a good living.
Mr. J. C. Barr, of the Benton line, while on his way down overland from Stevenson, purchased a Rocky Mountain Mouse River bred pony, four years old and never seen a bridle or felt a spur. Mr. Barr being an excellent judge of horse-flesh sees in his new purchase a horse which will in a few months for speed and durability eclipse anything in the city.
Fifty voters in Burleigh county are living on unsurveyed lands at Painted Woods district, and who have made improvements, have petitioned the general land office at Washington for a survey of their lands.
The Indian maidens around town chew gum as well as their white sisters. The gum trade is unusually brisk. It is not known whether they ever lay it aside and take it up again after "recess."
J. Rogers & Co., the new liquor firm, will open for business Monday. They are opening up a large stock and an examination is requested to prove the merits of the liquors.
Birdie E. Gerard, daughter of F. F. Gerard, Fort A. Lincoln, put in her appearance just in time to participate in the glorious Fourth. Mother and child doing well.
Mr. Cotter, the expressman, has put in service two new express wagons that are beauties of the kind. The local express business is more than triple that of last year.
The building formerly occupied by Wm. Glitschka on Main street, is being entirely overhauled and repaired. It is owned by Jos. Fox and is for rent.
The festive Bismarck youth with his fire crackers, did as much patriotic service for the country as the older ones did with cannon and sky rockets.
Clum Emmons, in connection with his stock of cigars, etc., will have for sale all the latest newspapers, daily and weekly, periodicals, etc.
A catfish weighing fifty pounds was caught in the channel Wednesday. Its mouth resembled the entrance to the Hoosac tunnel.
The Northern Pacific is crowded with freight. Four thousand tons of government freight is ready for transportation.
The new Methodist church has assumed definite proportions, the frame now being nearly enclosed.
Watson's store front is being painted and will soon be supplied with silver plated window guards.
The streets present a very lively appearance, any quantity of farmers' teams lining Main street.
A special car containing some friends of Mr. T. C. Kurtz went to the end of the track Thursday.
Agent Davidson will build an elegant mission next season near the new Episcopal church.
Glitschka, the grocer, is now comfortably located in his new store.
The Bismarck club will soon be a fixture.
Dr. Bigelow cannot explain it, but it is a fact, however, that Dr. Redd and himself were both pitched out of a carriage.

COOL AND COMFORTABLE
GOODS FOR
SUMMER WEAR.
Now Ready at
DAN. EISENBERG'S,
(NO. 45 MAIN STREET.)
Splendid Assortment of FANS,
In a Multitude of Styles.
Parasols and Sunshades.
All the Novelties in Handles and Materials. 800 now in stock, which must be sold during the next three weeks.
PRICES REDUCED! Now is the time to get a fine Parasol for a small amount.
New Lace Mitts, Lisle and Silk Gloves,
Received daily, besides our celebrated assortment of Kids, in all grades.
We have a very large stock of
LINEN ULSTERS AND DUSTERS,
Linen Suits and Lawn Suits, Gingham Suits and Cambric Suits, Lawn Sequies and Muslin Sequies, Summer Shawls, and Children's Summer Garments, which must be sold this month.
New Lace Rushings, Ties, Collars, Ribbons, and all sorts of Ladies' Furnishing Goods, received fresh every day.
Ours is the only large and complete assortment of **CORSETS** in the city, and prices lowest.
Summer Underwear for Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children.
Fancy Hosiery in a hundred different styles.
Remember the place,
DAN. EISENBERG'S,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

Hay Rakes and Mowers
At
W. H. THURSTON & CO'S.
Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits.
Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SASSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurities of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to day the most available medicine for the suffering sick anywhere.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
Impure Breath.
Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most mortifying and unpleasant to its possessor, and it is the most inexcusable and offensive in society; and yet the cause of it may easily be removed by cleansing your teeth only with that gently powerful dentifrice, FRAGRANT SOZODONT. It purifies and sweetens the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth, and gives a pearl like appearance to the teeth. Gentlemen who indulge in smoking should cleanse their teeth with SOZODONT, as it removes all unpleasant odors of the weed. Ask your druggist for it.
Constantly on Hand
BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK,
Fresh FISH and Spring CHICKEN.
At KATZ & GRIFFIN'S.
Flowers and Millinery.
New Patterns just received at EISENBERG'S.
The Eureka Mower.
For sale by W. H. THURSTON & CO.
The Finest Wines.
And Liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, at George Hilder's, 50 F. C. Mexican cant, Fourth street.
Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars being closed out at manufacturer's prices at HOLLEBARK'S.
Misses' and Children's Shoes.
At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.
Ice Cream by the Quantity.
For family use STIMSON'S.
Window Glass, all sizes, at HOLLEBARK'S.
Fine Leghorn Ladies' Hats
Just received at WATSON'S.
Strawberry Plants
for sale cheap, at BRAGG'S.
Base Balls
and Bats at HOLLEBARK'S.
Parasols and Fans
Very cheap, at EISENBERG'S.
All the Popular Brands of Cigarettes at HOLLEBARK'S.
Found.
A cream colored pony, two miles west of Troy farm. The owner can have it inside of thirty days by paying charges for advertising. Apply at or to R. J. Becken, 18th Siding, D. T.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN
FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
BENTON P LINE.
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
Peck Line and the Yellowstone Line
Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:
Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor, C. K. Peck, Nellie Peck, Peninah, Gen. Meade, Fontenelle.
Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.
One of the Peck Line steamers leaves Sioux City tri weekly for Fort Pierre, landing for Peck Hills, connecting there with F. T. Lines and Doucheville & Co's overland freight trains and daily stage for Butte and all points in the Black Hills.
One of the Benton Line steamers leaves Sioux City every Saturday, touching at Bismarck every Saturday for Ft. Benton and all points on the Missouri, connecting with T. P. Power & Sons' P. O. overland freight trains and Butte and Helena stage lines for Helena, Butte, Dickinson, Fargo, Minn. and all interior points in Montana. The Yellowstone Line will have a boat leaves Bismarck every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on Yellowstone River.
Steamer BENTON
-FOR-
FT. BENTON,
Leaves TUESDAY, 13th Inst.
Steamer BATCHELOR,
-FOR-
All Points on Yellowstone,
SATURDAY, JULY 10th.
Steamer GEN. TERRY,
-FOR-
FORT KEOGH,
Leaves TUESDAY, 13th Inst.
For freight or passage apply to
J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House, BISMARCK, DAKOTA.
JEWELERS
E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.
Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses
Special attention given to all work in our line.
Agents for the justly celebrated
ROCKFORD WATCHES.
HARNESS-MAKER
D. MACNIDER & CO.
Harness Makers and Saddlers,
Tribune Block, 41 Main St.
Keep a Complete Assortment of
HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.
Repairing a Specialty.
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BISMARCK D. T.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.
WANTED—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang-up" meal, to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant, Mandan, D. T.
WANTED—Situation as overseer of farm or lively stable. Good driver and hostler, understands gardening in all its branches, including hot house gardening. Address FRANK SMITH, Tribune office.
WANTED—A few Bismarck City Directories left, at 50 cents and \$1.00 per copy, at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.
For Sale.
FOR RENT—Two good dwelling houses. Apply at McLenn & Macnider's.
FOR SALE—The saloon building on Fourth street formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Building will also be rented. Apply to MCLENN & MACNIDER.
FOR SALE—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.
FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Day in stock or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttie, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.
HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast, Bismarck may increase its population.
Miscellaneous.
LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large in voice just received at MARSHALL'S, 75 Main Street.
GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 28 1/2 Main street.
\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Coatsy Outfit free. Address TINK & CO. Augusta, Maine.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth 50 cents free. Address STIMSON & CO. Portland, Maine.
SEND TO F. C. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address A. HALLER & CO. Portland, Maine.
FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.
DRY WOOD—Steamboathmen will find 200 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 35 miles above Bismarck. C. L. MERRY.
Money to Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN. F. J. CARR.
\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WILDERBY.
MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. M. SLATTERY, 47th and 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.
Great Bargains.
in Gents' clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc., at WATSON'S.
Goto Stimpson's
For Ice Cream and Strawberries.
Table Boards
Of any number can be accommodated at R. R. MARSHALL'S, corner 5th and Meigs.
Paint, Varnish, and Katsoming Brushes at HOLLEBARK'S.
New Hats.
If you want an elegantly trimmed hat latest style, go to WATSON'S.
Restaurant for Sale.
A restaurant having an excellent business at Fort Benton, one of the best military posts in the northwest. Building 2, 52nd with kitchen.

THE SEASON
FOR THE SALE OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Millinery, Fancy Goods,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes
IS NOW AT ITS HEIGHT.
The newest of everything, as it appears in the New York and Boston markets, is shown by W. B. WATSON in his new and elegant store. Now is the time for Sun Shades, Parasols, Fans, Lisle Thread, Gloves and Mitts in all shades, Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Rushings, Corsets, new styles of Ladies' Hosiery in Silk, Lisle Thread and Ball-beggings, light Gauze and Muslin Underwear for Ladies, and Gents. I offer the most complete line of
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